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HISTORIC HOUSES OF AMERICA.

GUNSTON HALL.

ON the right bank of the Potomac, a few miles below Mount Vernon, stands "Gunston," or, as it is sometimes called, "Gunston Hall," the former residence of the Mason family, one of the oldest and most respectable in Virginia. This curious old man-

able in a world of change, ponderous, "solid set," and so durable in construction and material that it promises even now, when it is more than a century old, to outlast many a house built yesterday.

The old homestead is a suggestive object.

cative of thought, and tends to revive a dead race and a dead society—that of the eighteenth century. A person of antiquarian tastes could hardly enter the old building and not feel some emotion, for all about it carries the visitor back to the past.



GUNSTON HALL.

sion is a venerable and most interesting relic of the past. It is no longer surrounded by thousands of highly-cultivated acres, as in the eighteenth century, but raises its ancient walls in the midst of a great body of forest, and the glory of the place has departed from it; but there the house still stands, unchange-

It derives its chief interest in an historic point of view from having been the residence of George Mason, the author of the famous "Bill of Rights," a paper which preceded and laid the foundation for the "Declaration of Independence." But, in itself, it is full of attraction! Every thing about it is old, provo-

The estate on which the hall stands consisted originally of about seven thousand acres of fertile land—a considerable part of it among the richest on the Potomac. The productive character of the Mount-Vernon estate is well known, and the Gunston-Hall land lay next to it, and was of the same qual-

ity. The property was originally purchased, it seems, by George Mason, an Englishman—of whom we shall say a few words in another place—and one of his sons built the hall, of which an accurate description, as it now appears, is here given. The house is constructed on a plan of which there are very many instances in Virginia—among others, “Stratford,” the home of the Lees, in Westmoreland, and “Audley,” the residence of the Lewis family (descendants of Washington’s sister Elizabeth), in Clarke County. The plans are not exactly identical, it is true, but they agree in one main feature—that all the main apartments are on one floor. This at once strikes the visitor, and one might take the fancy that the builders of such houses were fearful of two things—that, if the houses were too high, they would fall down; and that, unless the roofs were very steep, they would not turn the rain. Gunston Hall is thus constructed, and stands some distance back from the Potomac, which it overlooks—facing east and west—and, in the engraving, a view is given of the east, that is to say, the river, front. The grounds around the mansion were formerly very extensive, in accordance with the taste of the old planters in that particular, and the walks were edged with rows of box, the most popular of all evergreens in former days. These have been permitted to grow year after year unclipped, until now they are no longer shrubs but trees, and in some places nearly interlock their branches above the walks. The remnants of the old orchards, and the ruins of the once numerous out-houses, add to this ensemble of picturesque neglect, and give the spot an antique air which is very impressive.

The house is a large one, and is built of brick imported, as was the former fashion, from England, and over the windows and at the angles of the walls are cut-stone ornaments. The roof has the peculiarity we have mentioned above—it is very large, very steep, and flanked by four tall chimneys, which are visible from a considerable distance. Set in the roof on each front are five dormer-windows—two lighting each attic-room, and one the hall on that floor corresponding with the hall on the first floor. Approaching the house from the river-side, the visitor finds himself in front of the porch which is represented in the engraving. This porch is evidently very old. It is half octagonal in shape, and you ascend to it by a flight of broad stone steps, which the feet of many generations have, in process of time, worn down and almost hollowed out. Passing through the porch, which is nearly covered with flowering vines, you enter a large hall, extending from front to rear, from which a wide staircase, with a baluster of solid mahogany, carved with graceful designs, leads up to the second floor. This hall—a broad and ample one, to afford free passage to the air in summer, and afford a lounging-place for the family and visitors—is wainscoted and paneled in durable North-Carolina pine.

On the right is the drawing-room, ornamented with elaborate and curious carvings in wood—the work, according to tradition, of convicts sent from England. The other apartments on this the main floor—for the

house is what is called a “double house,” that is, two rooms deep—are not so elaborately decorated, but the ornaments are in good taste. The doors leading from the hall into the apartments right and left are noticeable, and attract attention. They are very wide, but quite low—of solid mahogany with carved panels, and bordered by gracefully-ornamented frames. The style of these decorations is said to be a combination of the Corinthian and the flower and scroll work of the old French architecture. To sum up this account of the internal appearance of the venerable mansion, which may be taken as a fair example of the architectural tastes of the wealthier Virginia planters in the eighteenth century—the whole interior of Gunston Hall is one mass of wainscoting, paneling, carvings in pine, mahogany, and other woods—dark, antique, durable, and suggestive of another age and another race.

The main attraction of the old house here described is the former residence there, as we have said, of the celebrated George Mason. But such spots, even when unconnected with personages of note, possess a peculiar interest. They bring the past and the present face to face, and you are apt to say to yourself, as you enter the old doors, and look at the antique decorations, “What a different race of people lived in these houses, and what a contrast their lives presented to our own!” When Gunston Hall was in its prime, there were no railways, or telegraphs, or gas, or morning newspapers; men traveled in stage-coaches, or old, lumbering chariots, drawn by four or six horses, through the muddy roads—for there were even no turnpikes—and thought thirty miles a day rapid traveling. They burned wax or tallow candles; were glad to get a newspaper once a month, or so; and, when they wanted a new suit of clothes, a new book, or a bottle of wine, they were obliged to send to London for it. The owners of Mount Vernon and Gunston Hall—George Washington and George Mason—were subjected to these conditions. They could not supply themselves at Alexandria, for it was a mere village; nor at the city of Washington, for the ground on which the Capitol stands was covered with woods—Pennsylvania Avenue being an elder-thicket, tradition says. The planters had their own ships, in which they sent their tobacco and grain to London—the vessels bringing back their wine, books, embroidered coats, ruffled shirts, and hair-powder, twice or thrice a year. And yet these old-time people seem to have lived in great comfort at Gunston Hall and elsewhere—they had great log-fires blazing in huge fireplaces; the long tables groaned under a profusion of every thing eatable and drinkable; attentive servants waited, ready to fulfill your least wish at a nod—in a word, the planters lived what seem to have been happy lives, under the blue skies of a bright climate, surrounded by all the amenities of home. We laugh at them sometimes, now, and think we are altogether superior to them. And yet that flatting conclusion seems somewhat doubtful.

One or two members of the Mason family deserve notice, as closely connected with the venerable old Gunston Hall; and to these we shall confine ourselves, avoiding the infliction

of any thing like “historic” or genealogical details upon the kindly reader, whose taste for such dry-as-dust particulars is probably as slight as our own. The hall is said—with what truth we are unable to determine—to have “sent out three United States senators, and several members of Congress;” but the fact does not possess very great interest. In our American families there are rarely more than two individuals worthy of note—the founder of the family in the New World, and some member of it who has made the name celebrated. The first of the Masons who came to Virginia was Colonel George Mason, of Staffordshire, England. He was a member of Parliament in the reign of Charles I., and is said to have begun, like Lord Falkland, by opposing the exactions of the king, and his claims as to the ship-money, and other matters. When war broke out, Mason, nevertheless, joined the king’s party, and fought first under the standard of Charles I., and then under that of Charles II., at Worcester. The result of that battle, as all know, was the destruction of the royal cause, for the time, in England; and George Mason, who had commanded a regiment of horse at Worcester, proceeded to imitate his unlucky master, Charles II., in his subsequent proceedings. He escaped from the battle-field, disguised himself, was sheltered by some friendly peasants, and made haste to get out of England, which was much too hot to hold him. At that troubled period Virginia was regarded as the haven of rest for all distressed Cavaliers. Mason turned his eyes in that direction, took ship, landed in due time at Norfolk, and, hearing that the lands on the Potomac were cheap and fertile, proceeded thither, and bought an estate, on or near which one of his immediate descendants, it seems—a son or grandson—built Gunston Hall. The precise date of its erection is not important. The durable and excellent old homestead rose, and became the headquarters of the family; and, having brought to Virginia the tastes and habits of their English ancestry, they proceeded to cultivate their land, raise thorough-bred horses and fat cattle, keep open house, and take their part in public affairs, whether by fighting the Indian tribes on the Maryland shore, or opposing the exactions of Parliament in the House of Burgesses. The family continued to live after this fashion, securing for themselves the repute of brave, sturdy, and honest people, when the struggle with England began, and George Mason, fourth or fifth in descent from the first George, conferred that renown on the name which places it among the most distinguished, certainly in Virginia.

The personal appearance of a man of note is always a subject of interest, and George Mason’s physique was striking. Two portraits of him remain—one preserved some years since at “Selma,” the residence of the late Senator Mason, and the other at “Clermont,” the seat of the late General John Mason. These portraits convey a vivid idea of the man. The former represents a man of thirty, with black hair, coming to a point in the middle, above the broad forehead, and falling in rounded masses beneath the ears. The eyes are dark, clear, and brilliant; the expression of the lips is firm, and the prominent chin is

unmistakably indicative of resolute character. The costume of this picture is very rich. The hand, over which falls a fine lace cuff, is thrust into an opening in the waistcoat, embroidered heavily with "gold lace;" the dress, face, and bearing of the picture are eminently handsome and attractive. This portrait was taken, it is said, soon after his marriage, and represents him as a young man—the other was painted when he was older, and is thus of more historic value; it is also said to be a better likeness. Mason appears in this—the "Clermont" picture—as a man of middle age, with a proud and composed bearing, a face browned by sun and wind, and dark eyes, characterized by an expression half sad, half severe. In face and figure the man has been described as "tall, muscular, and swarthy." There is, in fact, something dark, massive, and earnest, about the individual represented in this portrait. The face is not an unamiable one, but earnestness is a marked characteristic of it; and it is not difficult to discern in it the trait which Jefferson speaks of in Mason—the "dash of biting criticism."

Under the reign of this stately old planter, Gunston Hall became a great resort of company, and nearly every famous person in America, at one time or another, entered its broad door-way, and sat at its hospitable board. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Lafayette, were entertained by turns; and the master of Mount Vernon and the master of Gunston, being near neighbors, with similar views and tastes, were frequently together. Both loved hunting and country pursuits, and pastimes, carrying their fowling-pieces with them when they rode out, and interchanging informal visits. We meet with the famous neighbors frequently in old records—notably on one occasion, when there was a dispute, where the parish church was to be established, when Washington triumphed over Mason, by exhibiting to the assembled vestry a pen-and-ink map, drawn by his own hand, establishing the fact that this spot advocated by himself was the most central. There is something attractive in these simple details of the country lives of two men who were to become so celebrated. Mason was then unknown out of his own country almost, and Washington would have been as obscure but for his military record on the frontier. They rode and hunted, and attended to their estates, and probably would never have traveled a hundred miles from Mount Vernon and Gunston but for the political convulsion ending in the Revolution. When those troubles began, Mason became suddenly prominent. The almost unknown farmer of the Potomac was selected by contemporaries as eminent as Edmund Randolph, Edmund Pendleton, Jefferson, and Henry, to draw up the Virginia charter; and Mason's thorough acquaintance with political science justly entitled him to this distinction. His knowledge of charters and legislative enactments was, in fact, so complete, that nobody rivaled him but old Richard Bland, called the "Virginia antiquary;" and he proceeded to draw up the great "Virginia Bill of Rights"—a more remarkable paper in some points of view than the Declaration of Independence. At the time this great charter was written, Mason

was a member of the Burgesses, and one tradition is that he wrote it in his chamber at the old Raleigh Tavern, in Williamsburg. Another statement is that he wrote it at Gunston Hall, which is just as probable. If so, the old country-house possesses a paramount claim to interest.

During his absence from Gunston, Mason, who was a devoted husband and father, kept up a regular correspondence with his household. When the people North and South were moving against the Boston Trade Act, he wrote to a friend: "Should a day of fasting and prayer be appointed, please to tell my dear little family that I charge them to pay strict attention to it, and that I desire my three eldest sons and two eldest daughters may attend church in mourning, if they have it, as I believe they have." His tenderness of character was shown on the death of his wife, intelligence of which reached him just as he was appointed a delegate to the Congress. He rose and excused himself in a faltering voice. And, speaking of the incident afterward, said, "I felt myself more distressed than ever I was in my life, especially when I saw tears run down the president's cheeks." The stern resolution of the man, however, never wavered. He said: "I will risk the last penny of my fortune, and the last drop of my blood, upon the issue; and I trust that neither the power of Great Britain nor the power of hell will be able to prevail against us. . . . If I can only live to see the American Union firmly fixed, and free governments firmly established in our Western world, and can leave to my children but a crust of bread and liberty, I shall die satisfied, and say, with the psalmist, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!'" Lastly, to his son in Paris, he wrote, "God bless you, my dear child! and grant that we may again meet in your native country as freemen; otherwise, that we never see each other more, is the prayer of your affectionate father, G. Mason."

These brief extracts will afford a fair idea of the character of the resolute old master of Gunston Hall, who enjoyed not only the "unreserved friendship" of Washington and the first statesmen of his time, but their admiration and respect also. He was a man of strong convictions, and he followed them always. This is shown by his separating from Washington and the rest, when the United States Constitution was formed. He opposed it, and one day a neighbor stopped at Gunston Hall to inform him that there was so much indignation felt against him in Alexandria, that they spoke of mobbing him if he made his appearance there. This aroused Mason's ire, and he mounted his horse, rode to Alexandria, and, pushing his way through the assembled crowd—for it was court-day—said to the sheriff, "Mr. Sheriff, will you make proclamation that George Mason will address the people?" Proclamation was at once made, and, standing on the steps of the court-house, Mason, with all the fire of youth, disdained and denounced the constitution as the sum of all evils. He was not interrupted, and, having "said his say," mounted his horse and rode back to Gunston.

With one brief anecdote, we shall leave

the old planter of Gunston Hall, who possessed, as the reader will see, as much humor as "biting criticism." The anecdote was related to the present writer by the late Senator James M. Mason, a brave, generous, and high-toned gentleman, as well as an eminent statesman—himself a descendant of the first of the name of Gunston. George Mason was a candidate for the Legislature, and, in accordance with an old custom, "ran for the House" in Stafford County, where he was born, instead of Fairfax, where he resided. This afforded occasion for Dick —, a neighbor not very friendly to him, to say, "It is very well for Colonel Mason not to run in Fairfax, as the people know well that his mind is failing him from age." Mason heard of this speech, and it seems to have aroused in him something of his old biting wit.

"Perhaps I am declining," he said, with a grim smile. "I am certainly growing old, and my mind may be failing from age. But Dick — has in his case one consolation, at least. When his mind fails him, *nobody will ever discover it!*"

Mason died in 1792, at the age of sixty-six, and was buried in the graveyard at Gunston Hall.

The subsequent history of the old Gunston house—of which, and of one of its celebrated occupants, we have endeavored to present an accurate, if brief, account—may be summed up in a paragraph or two. Like almost every mansion, dating back beyond the era of the Revolution, it passed out of the hands of its original owners, and the great estate dwindled, the house was neglected—upon its roof-tree might have been inscribed the sad word "Ichabod." The old glory has indeed departed, with the epoch of powder, silk stockings, ruffles, and four-horse chariots—what lingered was a lonely old mansion, falling to decay, and more and more lost, as the years passed on, in thick forest. During the late war, the house, from its position between the hostile lines, was alternately occupied by the soldiers of both armies; and this resulted in serious injury to the building and the grounds. The ponderous and durable walls, however, defied all attempts to injure them, and, all things considered, the venerable edifice emerged from this "time of trial" in state of wonderful preservation. Since the war, it has become the property of Colonel Edward Daniels, who has undertaken to restore it to its former condition of comfort and elegance; and it is to be hoped that this good work may be successfully accomplished. The connection of the ancient mansion with so famous a public character as "Old George Mason," as he is affectionately called still in Virginia, should make this restoration a subject of rejoicing with all lovers of the past and its great figures.

In the midst of a beautiful grove of cedars, not far from the building, is the cemetery of the Mason family; and here repose the remains of George Mason, his wife, and numerous members of his household. His own grave is unmarked, but well-authenticated tradition declares that his body was interred beside that of his wife—the intelligence of whose death had made the old patriot's voice falter so in the Burgesses, as he gave it

as an excuse for not accepting the trust committed to him by his fellow-citizens.

Over this last-mentioned grave—the grave of Mrs Mason—is erected a massive marble tablet, bearing the following inscription :

"ONCE SHE WAS ALL THAT CHARMED AND SWEETENS LIFE—
A FAITHFUL MOTHER, SISTER, FRIEND, AND WIFE;
SINCE SHE WAS ALL THAT MAKES MANKIND ADORE;
NOW VIEW THIS MARBLE, AND BE VAIN NO MORE."

This "faithful wife" died in 1778, and the tablet was erected by her unhappy husband. Was he the author of the inscription ?

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER VIII.

AT CHÂTEAU FONTAINE.

TILL now I had secretly rejoiced in Madame La Peyre's absence. After just the first few moments I had felt so perfectly sure of getting on well with that mild-voiced, handsome old abbé, but now, without any cause or warning either, I suddenly lost all self-possession. I felt like a shy school-girl. Every time I looked up those glowing dark eyes met mine in a way that told me they never left me. If I had doubted this fact, Captain Brand's face would have confirmed it—he looked so vexed and troubled. When I saw this, I felt less shy and I smiled.

"Jealous old crosspatch!" and all my feelings toward him came back.

Mathieu came in, carrying silver salver, with a chocolate-pot, a cream-jug, and a sugar-bucket in antique silver, and there were two quaint cups and saucers. The vicomte went forward and met him half-way; he poured out my chocolate and handed it to me with a grace I had never seen in any man before. How delicious that cup of chocolate was !

"How well he must dance!" and then I ventured a little look up again; "we will try on this parquet to-morrow," I thought.

I could not help looking mischievously at Captain Brand. It will be great fun if he finds me dancing with the comte. I don't fancy he ever danced in his life before, poor old bear.

He was not looking at me; he was studying the face of Monsieur de Vancresson with a very displeased look.

"Very rude to stare so!" and then I could not help laughing at my own perverseness.

A tap at the door, and the abbé said, "Come in."

There came in a middle-aged woman, freckled and sandy-haired, with small, light eyes, wide apart. She wore a cap with a pointed crown, and a muslin bow tied in front. She had on a short, dark-blue skirt, and a black stuff jacket, the front hidden by the square bib of her brown apron.

The abbé asked if the rooms were ready, and then he turned to me.

"Mademoiselle is tired, I'm sure."

"She must be tired." I did not think Captain Brand could speak so quickly. "She will be glad to go to bed."

I tried to say I was not tired, but the abbé went on before I could get out my words.

"Yes, yes; and, Rosalie, you will see that mademoiselle has every thing she can require.—Good-night, mademoiselle, I have the honor to wish you a good sleep."

He took my hand in his and led me to the door, before Captain Brand had time to wish me good-night.

Monsieur de Vancresson, however, had reached the door before we did, and held it open with another graceful bow, but he did not seem to expect me to shake hands.

I followed this short, sturdy Frenchwoman along the slippery gallery, in a very discontented temper.

"The abbé and Captain Brand are a pair of old busy-bodies. Why should I be sent to bed just as the evening was beginning? I only meant to come up and put myself straight, and then go down and talk to Monsieur le Comte. How delightful that he lives here! I felt my cheeks flush. Oh, how I wish to-morrow would come!"

At home I had read in novels about French châteaux, and it seemed to me that, so far, all I had seen had been fairly pictured forth, but I felt disappointed when Rosalie opened a door in the gallery, and led the way up a narrow corkscrew staircase, so warped and uneven that I nearly fell down the stone steps.

"Take the cord." Rosalie looked over her shoulder, and held up the small brass lamp she carried; then I saw a rope fastened against the outside wall, but so dirty-looking that I preferred to stumble on without it.

Presently we emerged in a long gallery overlooking the great staircase by which we had reached the drawing-room. I looked down and saw Mathieu far below, sitting asleep on the stairs; a feeble lamp was going out beside him.

Rosalie looked too. "Paresseux, varien," she muttered.

I began to feel low-spirited and gloomy, I seemed so far away from every one.

Just then Rosalie stopped before a door, and opened it.

"The bedroom of mademoiselle." She courtesed, and then went in and lit another brass lamp.

I looked round in surprise; this was not a bit like the bedrooms I had read about; it had a high ceiling which sloped, and I saw that the window had a seat in it; the walls were whitewashed; on one of them was a whitewashed bass-relief of horses and dogs; there was no carpet on the floor, and in front of the fireplace there stood a small stove; but I could see that there was a glowing fire in this, and the room felt warm and comfortable; there was a French bedstead without any hangings; a dark-looking table, on which Rosalie set down her lamp; and, behind this, fixed against the wall, a looking-glass, made up of square and diamond-shaped bits of glass leaded together; two chairs, covered with

dull brown leather, and on one of them a jug and basin, and towel; no window-curtains, no toilet-cover, not a luxury of any kind.

"Does mademoiselle require any thing else?" Rosalie held the lamp up to my face, with a very self-satisfied look on her own.

I thought the question very unnecessary; it seemed to me that I wanted every thing, but something in her face checked me, she looked so evil.

"I want some hot water, and my bag." Rosalie shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, for the bag, yes, Mathieu should bring it to mademoiselle tout de suite; but for the hot water, it is different, the last was used for the chocolate, and the fire is out, and mademoiselle will have to wait so long before the water will be hot."

There was a look of sly obstinacy in Rosalie's small light eyes, peering at me through pale lashes.

"Very well," I said.

"Bonsoir, mam'selle, dormez bien." I listened to the patterning of her feet on the stairs, and then I felt very lonely.

It was a comfort when Mathieu's shrill voice asked through the keyhole if he might come in with my bag; but he was gone again in an instant.

"I can't go to bed, there's not even a bolt to the door; and that is not a key-hole, only a hole; there is no lock to the door; oh, I shall be frightened to death before morning."

I wrapped my cloak round me, and sat down close to the stove. I could not make up my mind to undress and go to bed. But I was so tired that I soon began to nod. I seemed to be down-stairs talking to the comte, and all at once I started awake; a dull, lumbering sound was growing more and more distinct.

I stood up, listening in such terror that my hair was lifted from my forehead—the heavy tread was coming nearer, nearer, till it stopped at my door.

"Gertrude, are you asleep?"

I did not think I could ever have been so glad to hear Captain Brand's voice. I opened the door at once.

"I have not been to bed; I don't know what to do; I am so frightened at being up here," and then I was ashamed of my cowardice.

"I don't wonder," he spoke so gently. "I thought, perhaps, you would be frightened in this lonely place, and I asked the abbé to let me have this room next yours. You will go to bed and sleep now, won't you, my dear child? Remember, I am close by. Good-night."

He held my hand so lingeringly, and looked at me so kindly, that I drew it away. I never even said "Thank you;" I only gaped.

"I am so sleepy; good-night," and I shut the door before he turned to go into his room.

"He is very good-natured, and I am ungracious," I thought, reproachfully. "He is very like a great, affectionate old dog—it is comfortable to feel he is so near."

And then I got into bed as fast as I could, and dreamed of Monsieur de Vancresson.

CHAPTER IX.

LE COMTE DE VANCRESSON.

I WAS wakened by Rosalie. She stood by my bedside with a cup of coffee in her hand. "Is it very late?" I spoke English.

She laughed and shook her head.

"No Engleesh"—then, in French, "It is eight o'clock, ma'mselle."

I sent her away. I took great pains in dressing myself. I brushed my gown with a dear little brush I found in my bag, and fastened on one of the pretty lace collars. "They are too good to wear in the morning, but then I have nothing else."

I took extra pains with my hair. In those days I had an abundance of long, dark, very dark hair, with a bright auburn tinge underneath, where it waved off my temples, and yet, when I had woven it into glossy dark plaits round my head, I looked at myself in the glass and sighed.

"Ah, how different I look to Monsieur de Vancresson—he cannot care for me when he is so beautiful himself!"

I had only a clear brown skin; my black eyebrows were so straight and thick; my nose was inclined to turn up at the end, and my upper lip curved up too.

I had a little mouth, I knew that, and my lips were very red; but I had such great, staring, dark eyes, of what color I never could tell. Now, in the morning, they looked a greenish-gray; in the evening they were a velvet-brown. I was not fond of my own eyes, they so often got me into trouble. Jane, my eldest sister, was always scolding me for "throwing my eyes at people," as she called it; but, then, Jane has pretty little quiet blue eyes. I suspect she would find big ones like mine tiresome to manage. Jane is small altogether. I am so much taller and larger than I ought to have large eyes.

After some wandering I found my way to the room we were in last night. It was empty, and I did not know where to go.

There were two doors at each end of the last room. It looked dismal in the morning light—the great space of bare floor with only a few small rugs in front of the sofas and easy-chairs; the scarcity of furniture; the discolored ceiling—once painted in fresco, but now a confusion of sky and distorted figures and cornucopias; the dark-paneled walls—gave a desolate, lonely gloom to the place I had thought so cozy overnight. Even the folding-screens, which had shone in the firelight, now looked dull and cracked, and the gold goblins on them were hideous.

"I must try and find out where they are breakfasting," for I was quite unused to French customs, and I thought the abbé had sent me up a cup of coffee from the breakfast-table. I tried the doors on the fireplace side of the room; both were fastened, and so was that the farther side, nearest the door by which I had entered. But the fourth opened at once; there was a huge screen in front of it. I passed round this, and found myself close to Monsieur de Vancresson.

He was taking a book from a shelf, for the room I had got into was surrounded by book-shelves, which reached from the floor to

the ceiling; he started as much as I did, but he recovered himself at once.

"Bonjour, mademoiselle;" how charmingly he bowed, but then he stared at me so intently I was obliged to look down! I saw this morning that he was older than I thought him last night.

"I want to find the breakfast-room, I believe I am very late."

He smiled, and pointed to a china clock on a little black shelf, covered with quaint plates and cups.

"On the contrary, mademoiselle is an early riser. The breakfast here is not served till twelve o'clock; will mademoiselle sit down and wait here, or would she prefer to walk in the garden?"

"Is there a garden? I did not know it. If monsieur will tell me how to find it, I should like to go there."

He laughed and shook his head.

"To go by the public way would fatigue mademoiselle; one has to traverse the park to arrive at the gardens; and the private way would be too difficult to find alone. Mademoiselle must therefore permit me to guide her."

I felt very happy, but I tried not to appear so.

"Thank you, if you have time."

I looked at the books and papers on the table.

He laughed and gathered up the papers in a heap, and took up a hat from beside them.

"There is no lack of time here; I cannot find occupation enough; I shall be delighted to take a walk."

He turned to the other end of the long, narrow room, and I wondered how he was going to get out, for I saw on all sides only shelves filled with books. There was one stained glass window, and opposite this a fireplace, over which were the black shelves filled with curiosities, which I had previously noticed. Monsieur de Vancresson went on to the end of the room, opposite the door by which I had come in. He took a book from one of the shelves, and a door opened, where just before I had seen only books.

He looked round to see if I followed, and then went down a twisting staircase, exactly like that which I had gone up on the previous night, except that instead of the dirty rope there was a twisted red cord.

"This is delightful," I said to myself, "as good as the 'Arabian Nights.' Captain Brand will not be able to find me."

At first the staircase was lighted by little slits in the walls, but these left off as we got lower; and in the pitchy darkness I got giddy and frightened. I stood still at last and clung to the cord.

"Will mademoiselle give me her hand?" I did not think the comte was so close beside me. "If one turns giddy here there is a great danger of falling, and these steps we are coming to are broken and unsafe."

He found my hand and held it firmly in his. How different his hand was to Captain Brand's! it felt like velvet, and yet I could not have drawn mine away, he clasped it so tightly.

"How strange it is I don't like Captain

Brand to touch me! and I like the comte to keep my hand. I wonder why. I suppose it is because he is my equal."

At last he stood still, and I heard that he was unlocking a door.

I was very glad to be in sunlight again; there was a damp, unwholesome atmosphere in that staircase.

It was not a garden we had reached. It was a paved yard, with some pretty hens and chickens running about, and among these, grunting and grubbing between the stones, and in stray corners, were some of the longest-legged, dirtiest pigs I had ever seen.

I looked at Monsieur de Vancresson, "But—I don't call this a garden," and then, for I felt shy of my French, "can you speak English?"

"No, and even if I could I would not give up the pleasure of listening to you, mademoiselle. You cannot think how charmingly you speak our language." And then he went on with a heap of compliments, which from an Englishman would have disgusted me, but which sounded delightful from him, he turned them so gracefully.

But my cheeks were growing hot, and he stood leaning against the door, which he had locked again.

"You promised to show me the garden," I said. Perhaps it was his praise of my French, but I did not feel so shy now.

He bowed, but he looked vexed.

"Mademoiselle is anxious to be rid of a troublesome companion."

I did not want him to go, but certainly I did not mean to let him know I cared for his presence.

"I never said so," and I looked up. I fancy I looked very mischievous.

"Ah! but, mademoiselle, it is not only by words that one speaks."

"Perhaps not in France, but in England we always say what we mean."

He smiled.

"Then mademoiselle will perhaps tell me in words whether she wishes me to stay with her."

I felt caught in a trap. I looked up, but the comte was not laughing at all; he looked imploring.

"We will settle about that when we really reach the garden," and I walked across the yard. "No, I will not be managed by Monsieur de Vancresson, or by Captain Brand either; I will manage myself. I know, if I give way ever so little, how soon people can influence me."

He followed me across the yard, and opened a high black gate at the farther end of it. Two of those hideous pigs tried to squeeze through the gate with me, but he drove them back.

"Don't beat them so hard," I said.

He only laughed—cruelly, I thought.

"Pigs and peasants understand best through their hides, mademoiselle; they must feel the word of command before they can hear it."

"We don't think so among English people."

"Mademoiselle must make excuse for my French education." He smiled so sweetly

that I felt as if I would make excuse for anything.

This black gate let us into a cabbage-garden; cabbages of all shapes and sizes were growing thickly together. There was nothing else, except in one corner of square ground a plot of sweet-smelling herbs, bordered with lavender, and, on the sunny side of the wall which surrounded the garden, apricot-tree, with tomatoes between them.

"Is this the garden?" I felt horribly disappointed, and I must have looked disappointed too.

"I had begun to think mademoiselle was an angel, but I see she is human—she is impatient. No, mademoiselle, there is a flower-garden, and we will go and find it."

He was laughing at me, and I looked grave directly.

"I cannot stay any longer, I think, monsieur; l'abbé and Captain Brand may be looking for me."

Monsieur de Vancresson fixed his eyes on mine with such a keen look of inquiry that I felt puzzled.

"But it is not possible that the gentleman I saw last night has any authority over mademoiselle."

The blood rushes up to my face. If the come only knew that I am actually married to this man he speaks of in such a slighting voice! But I am not really married, at least I mean to break through this absurd idea and go back to my father. No one shall ever know that secret; there is only one living witness—Mr. Howard, and we left him ill aboard the *Eclair*; he was going to the south of England, and perhaps we shall never hear of him again.

"He has no authority over me," and then I look saucy. "I don't think men ever rule women. Captain Brand is my fellow-traveler; he has very kindly come out of his way to bring me here, so I am bound to be civil to him."

This was true, for I knew how anxious the captain was to report the loss of the *Adelaide*, and how ill he could spare the time he had bestowed on me.

Monsieur de Vancresson smiles, and then he goes on quickly in front and opens a door in the wall. This door is half hidden by a plot of huge sunflowers, which hold themselves up to the sunshine overhead, like bronze and golden shields.

"Voilà, mademoiselle!" and he stands aside to let me pass in.

We are in a small garden filled with beds of the primmest shape; there is a sundial in the middle, and the paths are made of broken slate. A clipped yew-hedge shuns the garden in all round, except just in the front.

Through this opening I look down a sheer descent of about eighty feet. It is thickly clotted with hazel-bushes. At the bottom is a narrow, winding river, so narrow that it is more like a brook. The opposite side of the valley is not quite so steep, it is grassed, but there are groups of large forest-trees at intervals. Among the trees are old gray statues, and the grassed bank looks as if there had been terraces one above another. Lower down to the right the river turns abruptly, and goes out of sight behind the hill on which we stand

and the tall trees which meet across it just where it disappears. Looking down the stream to the left I see a bridge, a fanciful modern construction of twisted wood.

"The view is very pretty, but why is not the garden joined to the house?"

"The house was very much larger, and it may have reached to hereabouts. I fancy two-thirds of it were destroyed in the Revolution, and the abbé says that there were terraces on this side of the river also, instead of only cabbage-gardens, but we can soon reach the other side, unless you like the river best."

He points to the bridge, and I see a little boat moored close beside it. The bridge lies in the deep shadow, for there are trees here also, and the sun has not yet risen above the steep bank behind these; in the hazy morning light I had not seen the boat.

I clapped my hands with delight.

"I like boating better than any thing in the world, and I have had so little in my life!"

Monsieur de Vancresson goes on in front. I begin to think I am rather wild to roam about without a hat, so I tie my handkerchief over my head.

After a bit the path slopes down rapidly among the hazel-bushes, and we soon reach the bridge. The comte turns and takes my hand.

"Ah, how charming is mademoiselle in her costume!"

I blush, and he guides me down some rough steps, with the most devoted care, and then places me in his little boat, jumps in himself, and pushes it off with a skill which I think wonderful.

Monsieur de Vancresson lets the boat drift down-stream till we come to the turn, and then he takes one scull only as he sits looking at me.

It is not natural to me to be serious; I always find something to laugh about, even

in disasters, and these last few weeks of my life have burdened my spirits grievously.

Something in the fresh, morning air, and the presence of a young companion, makes me feel joyous and happy, as I have not felt since I said good-bye to my father and my sisters in Van Diemen's land.

I begin to laugh, but I do not know well.

He flushes slightly.

"Why does mademoiselle laugh? My way of rowing is different from that which she has seen in England," he says, in a vexed voice.

"I always laugh when I am happy; but you have not begun to row, and I have not been in England since I was four years old."

He looks interested.

"But mademoiselle is surely English?"

"Yes, but I have lived in Tasmania. I was coming home to live in England, and my mother died."

I feel very sad as I say this, and he looks troubled.

"Ciel! And is mademoiselle then traveling to England alone?"

He looked shocked now as well as troubled.

"I came here to find Madame La Peyre, an old friend of my mother's; but I am not

alone. I have Captain Brand, the captain of the ship I traveled in, to take care of me."

I blush, for I am not speaking the whole truth, and yet how can I say I am married to Captain Brand. The comte must look down upon him.

His next words make me glad I have been so careful.

"Mademoiselle must forgive me, but it seems strange to see her in companionship with such an unpolished person. I am not used to Englishmen; are they all like Captain Brand?"

"Oh! no, no," I laugh. "He is not an English gentleman; he is only the captain of the ship we sailed in; I did not know him before."

And then my cheeks burn hotly; I recall the captain's little kindnesses, and then I am ashamed of my own pride.

The comte's lip curls.

"Oh! indeed. I am grieved that mademoiselle has had such an unsuitable guardian; but now she is free of him, mademoiselle will stay here till Madame La Peyre comes back."

This is a new idea—a delightful one; I feared we should set out to-morrow or next day to find Madame La Peyre in her Devonshire home, but, of course, I had better stay here and release Captain Brand from his care of me. An uneasy twinge about his power of control comes to me, but I look up in my companion's face and take courage.

"I will write to my father to-day, and, until I get his answer, I refuse to submit to Captain Brand."

I am so silent settling this that the comte gets impatient.

"You have not fulfilled your promise, mademoiselle." I am glad he has left. If talking to me in the third person; it makes me feel so far off. "You said you would tell me in words whether you wished me to stay with you."

He smiled and looked as if he were sure of my answer.

"How can I say any thing else? I dare say you can't swim; if I say 'No,' and you leave me, you must drown."

I laughed.

He stood up in the boat in an instant.

"I am ready to take the risk."

Please sit down."

I laughed at his serious face. "I can't bear the boat to rock."

He sat down.

"Mademoiselle, I have not yet decided whether English ladies say what they mean any more than French ones do."

He was laughing at me; I knew that, though he kept a grave face.

"Do you know many French ladies?"

"Old ladies, yes; young ladies, not any. Mademoiselle, when I came into the room last night, I felt in heaven."

"Did you, really? But have you not any sisters or cousins?"

I looked at him and he looked at me, and we both burst out laughing. I don't know why we laughed.

I suppose we both felt so happy. It was so delightful drifting along under the shade of the trees, so tall that the water was a blue-

green, from their reflection with the bright golden sunshine overhead.

"Yes, I have sisters and cousins; but they are all in convents, being taught by the nuns, and the chief thing they learn is, that they must not be friends with their brothers or cousins. I cannot tell you how much I want a friend."

"Do you?" and then we looked at each other again.

"You have plenty of friends."

He seemed to speak quite shyly; poor fellow, if he could have known how ready I was for his friendship!

"I had plenty of friends at home," I said, and then I sighed—I hope at my own falsehood, for I had not left one real friend behind me, except a poor old blind woman who was once my nurse.

The comte took the sculls, and we went on again more rapidly.

How well he rows! I do not think he could do any thing awkwardly.

"Mademoiselle"—he holds both sculls in one of his delicate hands, which look too small to grasp them; with the other he pushes the curls off his white forehead—"we shall have to live under the same roof perhaps for a year. Will it not be better to be friends?"

"I did not know we were enemies."

"You are hard on me; but how can you be my friend when I do not even know your name?"

"You never asked me for it, what it was." I laughed at him again—he sat there looking so sentimental. "I know yours, and, Monsieur de Vancresson, we are drifting into a great willow-tree."

He began to scull again, but he had to back water for several strokes before we were extricated, the willow-tree stretched so far across the water.

"You do not know my whole name—I am Eugène Adolphe Théodore Marie Bénoit Louis Félix de Vancresson."

I bowed reverentially.

"Do you know, I feel quite frightened at such an array? Why, I have only two silly little names—I am Gertrude Lucy Stewart." For the first time came, as I said the surname, the thought to me, was it my name any longer?

He sculled on again rapidly.

"Yours are simple and beautiful names. Will you tell me your age, as well as your name? I am twenty."

"No older? Oh, I am so glad! I like you much better now. You are only three years older than I am, and you know that a woman is always older than a man. But are you sure you are only twenty?"

I looked doubtfully at his full-grown mustache.

"I could not deceive mademoiselle"—this in his old, formal manner.

Then he laughed, and jumped up in the boat, pushing it inshore.

"We must land now, I think. Which may I call you, mademoiselle, Gertrude or Lucy? In France friends do not call each other monsieur or mademoiselle."

"Don't they?" The idea was pleasant, only I found myself wondering for a moment

what Jane would think of such familiarity. Nonsense! did I not, say just now no one should control me but myself? I am quite old enough to know right from wrong. "Well, then, if you call me Gertrude, by which of your seven names shall I call you?"

"Whichever you please." He looked so delighted that I was inclined to repeat my confidence. "The abbé calls me Eugène."

"Then I will call you Eugène; and now please let me get out"—for the boat is struggling against the forced position in which he holds it, rocking and wriggling most uncomfortably.

I have been so interested that I have not had eyes for any thing but the comte. I see now that we have circled round the base of the lofty height on which the château stands, and have left it behind us. We are now in the valley facing the gate by which we came in last night, and on the park-side the bank is flat and level with the water.

"We cannot get any farther, the stream is so shallow, and Joseph, the old concierge" he points to a cottage close by—"would come after us."

He holds out his hand to help me, but, when I put mine in it, he holds my fingers fast instead of helping me out.

"Gertrude"—he says it in such a pretty, broken way—"in England, I believe, you shake hands on friendship?"

"Yes," and then I look down—he is staring so intently at me.

He presses my hand tightly. "In France, when we take a woman's hand we kiss it." He kisses my hand. The river runs along here like a luminous green thread, level with the swampy grass. I push past him, and jump on land, my cheeks burning and my heart throbbing fast. I run along under the tall, gloomy trees, till, all at once, I run nearly into Captain Brand's arms.

There is a thunder-cloud in his face; he did not even say "Good-morning."

"We are late for breakfast, are we not?" I spoke as coolly as possible. "Please ask the abbé not to wait, Captain Brand; I shall soon be ready." And then I run along the path which I saw must lead back to the house.

THEODORE'S HEROISM.

THE October woods had put on their most gorgeous livery, and the cloud-shadows were adding their capricious charms to the loveliest of days, when Mabel Gordon drove her gray ponies up the broad avenue which led to that pride of Urania—Blackburn House.

Theodore Blackburn stood at the bow-window awaiting her, for a cocked-hat note, received that morning, had informed him that a fair Jehu intended to reverse the order of Nature, according to the fashion of the nineteenth century, and to hold the reins herself for a few short hours.

Poor Theodore! a bent, crippled figure, a pale, resolute, handsome, suffering face, such was the appearance of the heir to the Blackburn estate, that pride of Urania.

The Blackburns had been a dominant family for a hundred years, all of them pros-

perous, industrious, distinguished, transmitting the same spirit from father to son, until the race seemed to have culminated in Theodore, a noble and promising only son, who came out of college, went to Europe, and came home, but to be stricken down on the threshold of existence by one of those mysterious diseases which allow people to live, but which compel them to suffer. Every day Theodore performed an exceptional act of valor; every day he theoretically won the Victoria Cross, for what is a more exceptional act of valor than to accept your own rain cheerfulfully? He never complained, he never forgot to be witty and wise, he lived for others, and bravely for himself. Keeping up with the times, causing himself to be carried by two men, if his infirmity demanded it, to see some friend in distress, administering his large fortune admirably, writing, painting, reading, thinking, Theodore subdued calamity.

As he caught sight of the ponies and their driver, a hot flush of color swept over his otherwise marble face; he saw a faultless profile, a long mass of dark, floating hair, surmounted by a jaunty hat and feather; he saw, in fact, what perhaps no man ever saw without emotion, a young and beautiful woman, waiting for and thinking of him. He knew that he was a pariah of the universe, shut out from love, from the sweet companionship and the immeasurable happiness of wedded life. Into that lonely, bereft existence no woman would ever enter; he must "tread the winepress alone." To his very infirmity he knew that he owed this frank friendship, this grateful and soothing attention from a young and handsome girl. Had he been the Theodore of old, it could not have been so offered.

Yet, not one trace of troubled feeling showed itself on his face as he painfully descended his broad steps, assisted by his servant, and greeted his fair driver with a bow and smile. He took his seat in the low phæton with a joke on his lips: "This strong-minded woman, he was sure, would drive him safely, and bring him home intact."

These two were great friends. Theodore was ten years older than Mabel, who had played with his younger sister. There had been three mothers in the Blackburn family, and Theodore was between two very different sisters, Miss Penelope, much older than he, and Natalie, much younger. His mother had brought a large fortune into the family. She was the Lady Jane Seymour to old Henry the Eighth Blackburn, the mother of the only son, and she died as soon after the birth of her boy as did that sweet creature after the birth of Edward.

Theodore had known Mabel when she came to play with his sister Natalie, and they were all dominated over by Penelope. Mabel had been a sallow little girl, but very bright and attractive. He had always rejoiced in her mind, that bright, capable mind that astonished him, jumping, as it did, to a quick conclusion, and to the very outposts of thought, capturing and making her own all that was noble, good, and original.

At fourteen Mabel had been sent to England to her father's family, and had staid four years. Whether the softer climate of Eng-

land had improved the young American germ, or whether the flower was destined to burst into the sweetest beauty, was a question never decided by Theodore. He only knew when he saw her again that one more pang was to be added to his already wrung heart: he must not love this creature too much. She greeted him with an almost troublesome sisterly cordiality; he was her "dear old Theodore, her best friend." She did not recognize the changed situation, nor learn that the flower had burst from its brown calyx, and was overwhelming poor Theodore with its transcendent fragrance; she only knew that he, as of old, was her sympathizing friend, the confidant of all her troubles and perplexities; and who so witty and so wise as Theodore?

The pair of friends chatted, as they went along, with their accustomed gayety. They knew where the "pines looked the darkest in October," as Dr. Holmes says. They knew where the maples made a procession like that of the cardinals through St. Peter's. They were intimate with the purple birches, and the yellow aspens, and the occasional patches of independent trees that would not turn, upsetting all the theories. They knew where the weeping birches hung out a false appearance of spring, with their tender, yellow green — old age aping youth for a few fitful days.

They put a quick ear to the confessional of Nature—these two, the young, eager girl, and the quelled and disappointed man. Nature had her messages of consolation for both of them. They were both artists in their way, and the blue of the sky—the little, white, scudding clouds; the cloud-shadows, most beautiful of Nature's tricks; the distant calm reach of the river, and its near and immediate sparkle, as it conquered a rift, "the lapidary brook," as some keen poet calls it—all these were objects to be observed, enjoyed, and put away for future use. The gorgeous red maples and the purple birches were flagrant facts — great, commanding beauties which could not be ignored. Theodore said they reminded him of the Roman princesses at a New-Year's ball, with all the old velvets, brocades, and family diamonds, who would not speak to Antonelli, low-born brigand that they thought him.

Then there was the possibility of finding some blue gentians up by Hunter's Rock. This is one of the dear uncertainties of an autumn drive, for the gentians are not Roman princesses; they are shy beauties, and must be delicately and faithfully wooed.

"Oh, dear October," said Mabel. "I shall have to write a book about it. I have just found, in the corner of a newspaper, that hiding-place of genius, a beautiful verse. You shall hear it:

Autumn has come with his train of slaves,
A sheaf of wheat in the hand of each,
And he seizes a brush as he flies along,
To give the finishing touch to a peach.'

Isn't that artistic?"

"Yes," said Theodore, "that is very good; Old Autumn painting the gloomy world, a king adoring his own funeral-pyre; but that doesn't mean October, it means September."

"Oh, you captious, critical Theodore! You are a republican, and want to limit a

king to one month's reign. I tell you, Autumn comes before the peaches leave, and he remains until the last pumpkin freezes."

"Oh, oh, oh! —horrible, prosaic New-Englander, that you are! Did you learn such language in Devonshire? Your vision, Mabel, is bounded by a pumpkin-pie!"

"I think," said Mabel, "that the pumpkin is as romantic a fruit as the citron, and I intend to write some verses:

Know ye the land of the pumpkin and squash-vine?

Why is not that as good as the citron and myrtle?"

"Simply because it isn't," said Theodore. "It is like all our wild, overdone, crude coloring in this land of freedom, and, although a pumpkin-vine would be very beautiful if there were only one in the world, and, although a field of them looks very promising to a person with your enormous appetite!"

"Now, Theodore, I will not stand this any longer! It was you who told me a good appetite was the secret of female beauty, and, although I have not eaten myself into Conny's splendid development, I am pretty well set up, you must acknowledge."

The friends sustained their badinage under the glorious protection of the canopy of blue sky — the cloth-of-gold of the sunshine—but, when they drove under the solemn pines, and a cool wind struck them, their gayety flagged. Theodore's quick ear had detected the echo of a tone in Mabel's voice which told him that October was pouring out her wine in vain. The draught did not exhilarate, there was a bitter drop in the cup. Pain and sorrow, and long, sleepless nights, convey a gift of clairvoyance to the sufferer; he reads the grief which would fain hide itself, he sees behind the veil. So, when they reached the procession of the maples, and the deep glow surrounded them like the red mantle of sunset, giving Mabel's cheek a richer tint, Theodore looked at her earnestly and said:

"What troubles you, my child?"

There was something so profoundly tender in his voice that the girl did what, fortunately for them, girls can always do, she burst into tears—tears which flowed like a summer shower.

Theodore quietly took the reins, and allowed the torrent to flow. He had watched the summer skies, and knew they were clearer after a shower. He well knew this strong, healthy, anti-hysterical organization, and knew that, when Mabel wept, there was something to weep for.

Besides, a woman's tears are sacred to a man, and this woman was the queen of his soul.

At length, when the storm had spent its force, Theodore asked:

"Have you had bad news from England?"

"Yes, very bad. Constance and I are bidden by our Aunt Anastasia to go over with mamma, absolutely for the young heir, Sir Guy Gordon, to see us, and to choose which of us he will condescend to marry! Think of that, for two independent American girls! think of our miserable position. If we do not consent to this humiliation, poor

mamma loses all those comforts to which she is accustomed, and the home associated with her brief dream of wedded happiness."

"But you have known of this unfortunate arrangement all your life, my dear Mabel; why does it seem so much more now?"

"And then you know we have always intended that handsome Conny should win the English cousin! You are a little brown wren, without any particularly bewitching feature, while Constance is the subject of poetry in the *Urania Messenger*. What did we read last week—'Lines to C——,' in which the 'young Diana' image was frequently used, and golden hair, blue eyes, lilies and roses, and ruby lips, were made to set off arched insteps and slender finger-tips. Now, I have never heard of any one's trying to catalogue your charms, my dear little wren!"

There was something dangerously lover-like in Theodore's voice as he said this. Mabel knew in her heart of hearts, from that hour, that Theodore would not have given one glimpse of her profile for all the dolphin-tints of her fair sister.

She blushed deeply, and laughed and talked to her ponies for a moment before she could reply in the proper and equable tone.

"Yes, Theodore, I have known the story of my grandfather's will all my life. I know, too, that Constance is too good to be sacrificed, too maidenly to be put up at auction and sold. It does not make it more agreeable to me that she may not at this moment feel as I do—a sincere repugnance to the journey, the awkward position we are placed in. She has a natural pleasure in her great beauty, and a love of novelty and change. I have neither, but we must obey Aunt Anastasia. She is grandpa's vicegerent. Sir Guy Gordon is to be there! Conceive the awkwardness—but, Theodore! I have not taken you to drive to-day to talk of this. 'Worse remains behind'; I need not remind you of the past, and the long story of your sympathy and friendship; I have come to throw my last great burden on you. Theodore, I am growing blind!" As she said this, she turned her lovely gray eyes full upon him; he knew them well, they had been fine in childhood, and had dominated over her plain, childish, sallow face, before her beauty came, with promise of future excellence.

But, when womanhood had come to deepen their tints, to light up their windows, the long black lashes had given the deep-gray pupil a dangerous brilliancy; they were simply superb eyes, though now a world of trouble looked out of them into the sad, sympathizing face of Theodore.

How he remembered with pang the story of Mabel's father! That wild young Englishman, who had disturbed the commonplace of *Urania*, by descending upon it like a meteor, and marrying a local beauty; how he had lived "not wisely but too well," for a few short years—and of that mysterious disease of which he had died, losing first his eyesight and then his hearing, and then his speech, until, finally, he wrote his last word of farewell on his wife's hand with his fingers. Could it be that this sweet creature had to look forward to so terrible an inher-

stance? Was this her legacy from the father she but dimly remembered?

Old Sir Guy, the furious old man in England, had never forgiven his only son his utterly foolish and imprudent marriage, so he revenged himself upon the innocent daughter and the far-off heir, by making one of those wills which are so common in real life, as well as in novels, by which everybody is aggravated and nobody is pleased.

These dead hands which are stretched out of the grave to spoil the happiness of the living should be legislated against. Living hands can do enough mischief, let us be saved from the wrongs of mortmain.

"Can it be," thought Theodore, "that the legacy of blindness has been the Father's gift?"

But Theodore was a good comforter. He learned all her forebodings—her physician's summary of her case. He looked, poor Theodore! into those bewildering eyes, in whose deep wells lay his happiness, with a pretended scientific coolness which was as admirable as it was sad.

He found only too much reason for anxiety. In one of those beautiful eyes sailed a little cloud. The down from the dandelion was not so delicate, but it might blot out the universe. It was only Theodore who could have said, calmly and coolly:

"Tears are the worst things for lame eyes, dear Mabel; you must banish them. You live in an age when eyes can be cured, dear Mabel. If only some Von Graefe would arise to cure the wounds which eyes make, what a *saintlike* he would have! We must hope, Mabel—we must not despair!"

His own bent figure and worn face, his patient smile and cheerful voice, preached the most eloquent sermon on courage that ever was uttered. Mabel looked at him gratefully.

The ride came to an end, and Mabel deposited Theodore at his own door, driving on down the grand old avenue, now carpeted with Danae's shower of gold.

This house had been her refuge in all her troubles. She had come here, from a loveless home, for relief from a future and a present, which was at once conspicuous, brilliant, and uncertain. She was rich—she might one day be a beggar. She had been educated to fill a brilliant position—she might lose all her prestige; and now there was hanging over her the terrible possibility of blindness.

No wonder that the poor girl looked back to catch Theodore's last salute. He stood uncovered, watching her. The October sun lighted up his fine head and beautiful hair, the last remnants of that manly beauty which had once been, so conspicuous. Mabel felt that she saw in him her faithful knight, her Sintram, her cavalier—"sans peur et sans reproche."

Theodore had made up his mind, meanwhile, to a line of action, which he proceeded to unfold.

Mrs. Gordon was looking out of her window the next morning, when she saw a sight which always gave her pleasure. It was Theodore, coming to pay her a visit, and driving in his superb equipage, with all the glory of good horses, well-dressed servants, and the comforts of a modern landau.

Mrs. Gordon dearly loved the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. She had been a beauty, poor woman, and she had always also been a fool. Grasping with frail fingers the emblem of a departing sovereignty—a handsome face—Mrs. Gordon was a fluttering instance of the poor side of the female heart. Her prettiness and her egotism had gained her in youth an improbable husband. After she had lost him and gone to Europe, it had even softened a little the enraged old Sir Guy. At home it brought her many uncommitted admirers, even, it was whispered, the father of Theodore (whom we called old Henry the Eighth Blackburn, from his frequent wedlocks). He had cast unmistakable glances of languishment at Mrs. Gordon's pew, and her very youthful flaxen head and rosy cheeks.

But Penelope Blackburn had been equal to the occasion, and had saved "papa from making a fool of himself" for the fourth time. But this was past.

Thus, although it was morning, Mrs. Gordon had reached the twilight of her beauty, and sat in its shadows regretting it. She regarded herself anxiously in the glass, and pulled down a window-shade as she heard the carriage-wheels.

It is proper to say here that Mrs. Gordon did not love her daughter Mabel. She did not care much for either of them, but Mabel particularly she had never liked nor understood. She could not take in the noble, larger nature so unlike herself. But for Theodore Blackburn she had a profound respect. His great wealth, his old name, perhaps a lingering regret that she was not his step-mamma, all combined to make Theodore a personage of importance. His friendship for Mabel really aroused in her a new and unexpected interest in her own daughter. A hard woman to influence on account of her narrow nature was Mrs. Gordon, but Theodore could influence her, cripple and invalid that he was. Theodore carried always with him the presence of a gentleman, and Mrs. Gordon gave a new twist to her long, light curls as she saw him drive up to her door.

"So you are going to England before Christmas, I hear, Mrs. Gordon?" said Theodore.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Blackburn; my dear Anastasia has sent for us. We shall spend Christmas beside the old yule-log, as dear Washington Irving would say. I dread the winter voyage for myself, I am so delicate! but then duty, you know, Mr. Theodore—and duty to one's dear children would drive me to Kamtchatka, as you well know"—something in Theodore's eyes made her stop talking, she could not imagine why. Nor could she even explain to herself why she had, after an hour's talk with Theodore, altered all her plans, and had promised him to take Mabel to Berlin, to consult Von Graefe, before going to England.

Did she really feel frightened for Mabel? or did the thought cross the narrow plane of her intellect that Theodore was worth propitiating, and that perhaps, if Mabel became incurably blind, he might be a very valuable friend? It is not pleasant to track a mean mind through all its windings and tortuous sinuosities. Of one thing she was certain—

Sir Guy Gordon would prefer the brilliant, handsome Constance. With that marriage would go much of her money, and she would be left with a diminished consequence, and with a blind daughter, it may be. Perhaps it is better to follow Theodore to the post-office, where he leaves some letters which look foreign, and then home to his stately library—and to Penelope!

Penelope was an arid woman, severely determined to dwell in decencies forever. Her pride had received a severe blow in the decay of the Blackburn dynasty. Theodore's illness was her Capua. All the love she had to give was his, but that was little, and she could not quite forgive him for being a failure. The younger sister, Natalie, Mabel's friend, had married, and was leading a prosperous life elsewhere; but, unless she named one of her boys Blackburn, Miss Penelope did not care for her. In this atmosphere—no, Miss Penelope had no atmosphere, she was like the moon, cold and volcanic, without an atmosphere—in this arid companionship, then, did Theodore cultivate all the virtues. Is it a wonder that the drives with Mabel were a dear and delicious variety?

But they, too, were to come to an end. Mabel's blindness grew rapidly upon her, and, before the fine November days were over, she could not see to drive her ponies. Theodore, now, came for her, in his beautiful, stately equipage (which always pleased Mrs. Gordon); and Constance, awakened to some degree of feeling by her sister's calamity, would lead the blind girl down, and would accompany them, a rather dull third, on the back seat.

When the ladies were ready to take their departure, Theodore was too ill to bid them good-by. They had called on Miss Penelope, who emerged, as from an ice-house, from her grim parlor; but, when Mabel got home, a bundle of books from Theodore, and a playful note, which was evidently written with reference to its being read aloud, assured her that her dear old friend did not forget her. And, for Mrs. Gordon, what a noble package! All sorts of letters to distinguished people, foreign ministers, and the like, not forgetting even the address of a good courier—for Theodore had traveled, poor fellow, before he broke down forever—and, stricken as he was, few people had more influence, or a wider correspondence, than Theodore.

It was a gloomy winter's day, four or five weeks after the departure of the ladies, and Theodore sat by his fireside, full of pain.

Miss Penelope had given him his drops, and had done her duty; but there was a wide world beyond duty which she could not fill. A servant entered the room with letters; and, as Theodore turned one over in his hand, the whole room grew light—his pain left him.

It was written, with irregular and trembling hand, by one who could not see; but Theodore could have kissed each straggling word.

"My dear old Theodore," it began. "Here we are at Berlin, and I have been seen by Von Graefe. My case is a very bad one, but there is hope. I know I owe it to you, dear Theodore, that I am here at all; and, if light ever enters in behind this dark curtain, it will be your hand that has drawn it. Dear Theodore,

I cannot write about your goodness! Mamma and Constance are enjoying Berlin; they find it a beautiful city, rather cold and somewhat formal, but still agreeable. They have met many old friends; and, thanks to your letters and introduction, your ever-thoughtful kindness, foreign ministers call on us, and offer us all kinds of entertainments and privileges, which I cannot, of course, accept, but which make mamma and Conny very happy.

"We have had a very kind letter from Sir Guy Gordon. He regrets, as much as we do, the terms of grandpa's absurd and singular will. Still, as he cannot enjoy his property unless he marries one of us, of course he does not wish to resign that. But he seems to be a gentleman, and will make Conny a good husband. Do you know, Theodore, I sometimes bless this calamity, which has removed me from this unpleasant position of being either an accepted or rejected bride? You may say that I am selfish in being willing to profit by my sister's misfortunes; but I do not believe it will make Conny unhappy. She has rather been brought up to expect it. I, as you know, once wanted to make, if at all, a wildly romantic love-match; now I shall never marry.

"Mamma wants me to thank you for Luigi, the courier, a very useful, decent man. He is quite well educated, too. He asked my maid if he might read aloud to me during the many long hours when I sit in darkness here. So, when mamma and Constance do not require him, Maria brings him in, and he reads very well in several languages. What accomplished men they are, these couriers! I wish we had such servants in the United States.

"Now, dear Theodore, how are you? Are you still conquering pain by patience? How I want to see you! I use the old, familiar expression; may God grant me this favor, that I may see the light of heaven, and your face, once more! Maria has been trying to guide my hand a little, but I know this letter is a spider's web. However, I hope it may not be illegible, particularly where I write that I am your grateful, loving Mabel."

Theodore had an interval of health after this letter, which surprised Miss Penelope. Perhaps what happened afterward may be best explained by copying his letter:

"DEAR MABEL: Your letters are most cheering, and have given me a new lease of life. My old pains and aches are fastened on to me like barnacles. I begin to regard them as friends and gossip, but they have made me exclusive. I do not want any new pains; and your sufferings are now, and are enemies hard to meet. Thank Von Graefe, for me, for his words of encouragement. I trust Conny will write me of the progress of your cure.

"Now, dear Mabel, I have the most enormous news to tell you! Get your mother and Conny carefully seated in comfortable chairs, and then announce to them that Penelope is going to be married! I declare, it takes the breath out of me to write it. Who do you think is the palpitating bridegroom? Why, old Mr. Pettingill, who is always quoting hymns! They have taught Sunday-school together for years; and, two years ago, you know, he lost his wife; and, since then (I hope

Pettingill did not fall in love with her before), it seems improbable, he has bent his eyes Penelope-ward, and desireth her for his bride. Judging from what I have seen of the wooing, I think Dr. Watts has been of infinite service, for I overheard him saying, 'When I can read my title clear to your affections,' but I spare you. When they came together to ask my permission (Heaven save the mark!), I had to bury my face in my hands.

"Pettingill is very well off, has a handsome house, and only grown-up children; and Penelope is really in love with him. Poor Penelope! has it been a starved heart that has made her so cold and severe all these years? I am touched and reproved at seeing her smiling face. We can never have understood her.

"Now, this departure of Penelope leaves me without a lady at the head of this great house; and I must supply the deficiency, Mabel. I want to offer the place to your mother, and to the daughter who shall not become Lady Guy Gordon! I am likely to live, my physician says, many years. I shall never marry. I must suffer here alone. Your mother is an old friend. She knows me and my peculiarities. Will she accept the situation? I shall ask her to accept the allowance I have always made Penelope, and all the privileges of my house, my carriages, etc.

"Mabel, this offer is somewhat generous on my part, because I have a belief that the daughter who comes back here will not be Mabel! If I thought that by my action on my part I could make you my guest for life, there would be only supreme selfishness in the offer. If my dear, handsome Constance comes back to me, I shall be merely Cupid's footman, opening doors for her suitors from morning till evening. You do not have as many admirers as she, because you know you are not as handsome; and I think I could count on you for a few years, as my dumper, my bottle-holder, my secretary, and my pony-driver.

"And this leads me up to a confession. It is this: Mabel, I have long known something of Sir Guy Gordon. I have made it my business to know him, as I have supposed he might one day be your husband. I find him the true English gentleman, thorough-bred, generous, reliable; you may meet him on the Continent. Try to divest yourself of all prejudice, and, if you can like him—why, love him. Do not dislike him unseen, unheard. Your position is very trying. So, my dear child, is his; do not condemn him unjudged. But I must be getting ready my wedding-garment. This marriage of Penelope's is an earthquake. I have ordered her a set of silver and a wedding outfit, which will astonish Urania. Up to this time she has worn a black substance I think they call alpaca, which clings disagreeably to the figure, does it not? At any rate, I have ordered silks, and satins, and brocades, wildly.

In Pettingill's favorite style of poetry, I intend that 'the king's daughter shall be gloriously arrayed.' Poor, dear Penelope! she has actually got on a pink bow to-night—'summer lingering in the lap of winter!' Good-bye, my precious Mabel; write soon to your disconsolate and deserted

THEODORE."

The next letter was from Constance to Theodore, and was freighted with another thunder-bolt:

"DEAR THEODORE: Poor, dear Mabel has been under the hands of the oculist, and is now in a darkened room, but with every prospect of ultimate recovery. Von Graefe has fallen in love with her. He says her patience, her heroism, her moral qualities, have assisted him so much, that she *shall* see.

"Our greatest help, after him, is Luigi, the courier, who does every thing for us, and sits and reads to Mabel, from an antechamber, hours and hours. I give her all the help, consolation, and care, I can, and Maria is invaluable, but he aids us in a peculiar and unexpected manner.

"Dear Theodore, we were very much surprised and amused to hear of Penelope's engagement; and what do you think I have to tell you?

"Mamma is engaged!

"Soon after we came here, a certain Captain Monplaisir began to be very attentive to us. Neither Mabel nor I liked him, but mamma did. He says he was in the French service, but that, like charity, you know, has always covered a multitude of sins. I think he looks like an adventurer, although he is rather handsome, with showy manners.

"However, during Mabel's illness I have been much away from mamma; and yesterday I was told by her that she had engaged herself to him. Of course we, her daughters, have nothing to do but to submit.

"Now I have a little confidence of my own. I have met a fellow-countryman over here, who seems to admire yours truly very much. Perhaps we shall none of us have to marry Sir Guy Gordon, after all! What will you say, dear Theodore, if we take the initiative, and release Sir Guy before he asks us?

"Mamma is very much in love with the captain, and it is not at all pleasant for me, I assure you. But something tells me that my darling Mabel will recover, and that you will not desert us. Do write to me, although I am the one you never liked. I am your affectionate friend,

"CONSTANCE."

Theodore hastened to write immediately an answer to this important letter:

"MY DARLING CONNY: It has been jealousy, I assure you, on my part, which has seemed like indifference. You had so many of those Urania beauties about, that I was always snubbed, although you did not know it. You are a dear, good girl, to watch over your sister, and to be so strong and hopeful. So you, too, are in love at last, and with one of your own countrymen?

"I am very thankful for that, I confess to you, my dear Constance, although I am not so prejudiced as to believe all foreigners fidlers.

"I do not know enough of the terms of your grandfather's will to see how Sir Guy Gordon will be affected, if both you and Mabel put it out of his power to marry you, by marrying somebody else. I fear your mother will have to give up her home and income. But I had just offered her an equiva-

lent, I hoped, at my house, when I hear that she, too, is one of the victims, like my sister Penelope. Really, Conny, the lightning strikes in unexpected places. Your mother and my sister! I am a little alarmed about Captain Monplaisir. Your mother is of a confiding and unsuspicious nature. She is at the age, too, when words of love and tenderness sound very sweet; and, if I were you, I would have Luigi make some searching inquiries into the captain's past. If he is an adventurer, his object will be fortune; and, as soon as he finds that your mother has none, he will absent himself. Cannot you explode grandpapa's will at him? It has done harm enough; perhaps it will do some good at last.

"If I can be of any service to you, my dear Constance, in that American love-affair to which you allude, pray command me. My patriotism and my friendship are both enlisted. Be more communicative in your next, please: mention names.

"Give my love and congratulations to dear Mabel, and to your mother, and to that lucky American!

"I am your friend

THEODORE."

The next letter was from Mabel, written in a clear, firm, regular hand:

"DEAR THEODORE: I can see! I am cured! I use my eyes for the first time to write to you. I am forced to be very careful, but Von Graefe has given me permission to write for ten minutes. I wish I could write one word in letters of gold, and that would be 'Gratitude,' first to Heaven, then to you, then to Von Graefe.

"But we have had a singular and most disagreeable experience. Constance wrote you of mamma's engagement. It has come to an untimely end. Luigi very respectfully, one day, asked permission to speak to Conny and myself on a subject of importance. He then told us that Monplaisir was an adventurer, a real *chevalier d'industrie*. He had good proofs, and a letter from our consul at Paris, who knew all about Monplaisir. I immediately told mamma, who was furious, angry, inconsolable; absolutely, dear Theodore, she thought we were jealous of her success! It has been inexpressibly painful. She dismissed Luigi on the spot. He left us a week ago, before the bandages were off my eyes, so, really, I never saw the good creature who has read to me so long and so well. The captain came to see mamma. They had a long explanation—a dreadful scene. She told him all. He swore it was false. That led to questions of ways and means, *a propos* to a speedy marriage. The captain left her on Tuesday evening, swearing eternal fidelity. On Wednesday evening he disappeared, leaving a foolish note for mamma, saying that he could not marry when he had been suspected, and that he was not accustomed to be described or accused by couriers, ignoring all mamma's real devotion to him. I suspect he had found out the precarious state of her fortune. Poor mamma!—it is very humiliating. She declares she will take Conny and go home, leaving me alone with Aunt Anastasia in England for a few months.

"I am the more resigned to this, because I have had a beautiful letter from Sir Guy Gordon, saying that he shall not intrude his presence on us until we send for him. That, at least, looks as if he had delicacy.

"My dear Constance has been exceedingly admired here, as she always was and will be everywhere. She has engaged herself to young Mr. Walters, a countryman of ours, very good, very rich (you know that is one of the seven capital virtues nowadays), and very presentable. He will escort mamma and herself home, while Aunt Anastasia meets me in Paris, to take me to England for a short visit.

"We have never thanked you for that offer of a home, which was so delicately and tenderly made. I wish such things were possible, dear Theodore; but they do not seem to be. The world would call it dependence—the world, I find, talks. But we do not love you less for making the offer. We shall live near you, and love you as much as if we were under your roof. Adieu!

"Your friend

MABEL."

So one after the other of poor Theodore's dreams of happiness fell to the ground. He had pictured to himself his old mansion lighted up by the face and figure of the woman he loved best; he had imagined that the half happiness of seeing Mabel his guest would come to him in place of that greater happiness which he could never expect. He had tried to picture to himself what his disappointment would be like if Mrs. Gordon and Constance became his guests, and Mabel the wife of Sir Guy. Even that thought had its consolations. They were like her—her next of kin. He should talk of her, and hear of her, every day. But no—even this was taken from him. They had their own preoccupations, and would only think of him, occasionally, as of an old friend.

When they arrived at Urania, Mrs. Gordon and Constance, Theodore went to see them. He found the older woman older and much sadder. Poor Mrs. Gordon! Her silliness had become tragic under that blow, which is harder to bear at fifty than at twenty. Love is like the toothache, age does not deaden the pang. And, sad to say, while a young broken heart is a noble and pathetic object, an old broken heart is simply ridiculous to the majority of observers.

Constance was younger, more beautiful, and as happy as youth, health, and love, could make her. There was, of course, much talk of Mabel, her cure, and her visit to England. Mrs. Gordon could not, however, speak of Berlin with composure. Was it not the scene of her greatest disappointment? She never quite forgave Theodore for having sent her there.

But Mabel herself was her own best historian. She wrote to Theodore several long letters. She had reached England safely. Her aunt's house, where she had spent some part of her childhood, was very home-like, in the sweetest part of Devonshire, and they were enjoying the country society. In June they were to go up to London. Her eyes were constantly getting better, and Sir Guy Gordon had

not put in an appearance. She should come home in August to dear Conny's wedding, and then she and dear Theodore would resume their drives in the pony phaeton. So much for Mabel.

It always seemed to Theodore, as he looked back upon his past life, so full of pain and of contests with despair, that this was the hardest part of it. He knew that the sword of Damocles was hanging over his head. Any thing but this—any thing but suspense. And yet, what else had he to expect—what had he said to himself ten thousand times? "Ah, we can say what we please to ourselves, if ourselves do not wish to believe it. The spirit in the brain is a manikin, but the spirit in the heart is a giant. He rules us, and not we ourselves. At last came a letter—the very outside looked alarming. It was post-marked London, the great, seething capital of the world—the magnificent, mysterious London, where the pulse of the present beats the fullest. Rome, Thebes, Damascus, when these words were words of power—such is London of to-day to us, we who speak the English tongue and respond to that great and powerful civilization:

"MY DEAR THEODORE: We have been in London a month, the most delicious month of my existence. I have tasted that exciting thing, a London season; I have been to a drawing-room; I have seen the operas, dinners, balls of this great, polished, delightful capital, and I am engaged to Sir Guy Gordon!

"Shall I tell you how it happened? I was going in to dinner with a gentleman whose name I only partly heard, and who asked me, as every one does, you know, how long I had been in London. That led to a sort of geographical conversation, and finally to the fact that I was an American. I looked across the table, and saw a pair of splendid dark eyes fixed on me. Somehow I heard a voice, which was singularly familiar to me. I could not tell why or wherefore.

"I do not know how or why we began to talk to each other, but the dark eyes and I soon got to be somewhat acquainted. I met him at the opera and at other dinners, finally at a beautiful garden-party given by Frances, Countess Waldegrave, out at the classic Strawberry Hill. I did not know his name, but that I could say of almost all my London friends. The house where I met him was a sufficient guarantee of his respectability.

"All the time his voice haunted me. Where had I heard it? why did it bring back the long days of blindness, of pain, of imprisonment?

"I had known him a week before I heard his name; we were past all embarrassment as friends, when I found out that he was Sir Guy Gordon!

"Now, my dear Theodore, the rest you know. It was your plot that he so readily acceded to. It was you who made my Guy serve me as a servant. It was you who suggested to this noble English gentleman to follow me, and to learn my faults, while he masqueraded as a courier! It was the voice of Luigi, which haunted me, and I have found you both out. How did you dare to do it? It might have turned out so badly! It is

only one out of a hundred chances that he did not get disgusted. And yet what a proof it was of his sincere desire to know me well; what a proof of his true attachment that he continued in it, this servile position, until mamma absolutely discharged him ignominiously! He says he should have left us on some pretext or other before the bandages were off my eyes, for, although he was well disguised, he did not wish me to see him as a servant; he had fallen in love with me, but he did not at all know that I should fall in love with him; certainly I should not have fallen in love with my courier. So the episode of Captain Monplaisir was fortunate for him — though, poor mamma! I shall never be sufficiently thankful that Guy saved her from that man.

"So old grandpapa, Sir Guy, has, after all, 'builded better than he knew.' Our marriage will reunite the title and the property. I lend myself to the plot!"

"And you, dear Theodore, have been the arch-conspirator; your letters to Guy have been worthy of Machiavel.

"He says to me sometimes, 'What inspired this Mr. Blackburn to write to me, dearest Mabel — to form so ingenious a plot for me, to enable me to know my far-off cousins, my possible bride?' — who can tell him, Theodore?

"He says, dear Theodore, that he loved me from the first moment, when blind and helpless I leaned upon him as my servant, as I descended from the carriage, in Paris.

"Do you believe that?"

"MABEL."

It was October again, and Urania was alive with excitement. Sir Guy Gordon had come over to claim his bride, and was Theodore's guest; whether he ever knew how much he was his debtor we can never know. He knew enough to love and value him for all the rest of his days.

We thought the wedding a very splendid occasion. Mrs. Penelope Pettingill, in a moire antique, which made the sacred edifice shake, came in first with the obedient Pettingill, who whispered in her ear something, undoubtedly a line of Watts, appropriate to the occasion. They were the first to arrive at the church from Blackburn House.

How a separate thrill ran through the expectant crowd, as each arrival prepared us for the great last arrival! How we noted handsome Natalie, with her flourishing brood; and Constance, with her satisfactory husband; and Mrs. Gordon, in sweeping skirts and wedged-plumes, on the arm of her discarded courier! Sir Guy Gordon looked his part well.

But there was not a dry eye in the church, as Mabel, thrice our own Mabel, since her trials, her danger, and her love—Mabel, pale, tearful, lovely, the very proper image of a bride, came slowly up the aisle, fitting her steps, her youthful, springing step, to the slow, painful, halting gait of her own noble knight, the best and most unselfish of her friends, her Theodore.

That noble, patient, bowed figure! who looked at it, but loved and respected the indomitable spirit which rose so above the in-

firmities of the flesh? There is no better sight in all the world.

His voice did not falter or his hand tremble as he gave her to Sir Guy, yet his face told the truth, which he never disguised—that he loved her as man seldom loves woman.

And, after she had gone away from him, gone to love another, and bless another man's home, what had he to comfort him?

Simply the thought that he had unraveled the tangled web of her destiny for her, that he had filled the world with light for her, that his hand had given her happiness.

He drove alone; down the scarlet avenue of the maples he went alone, to find the shy gentians on Hunter's Rock. The pines threw their dark shadows tenderly around him, as he lingered under them with no other companions than his memories and his thoughts.

I think they are not unpleasant companions.

M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.*

A NOVEL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"I was too proud the truth to show,
You were too blind the truth to know,
And so we parted long ago."

It would be difficult to describe the pause of absolute astonishment which fell over the excited crowd at those words. Every eye in the room turned at once on the new-comer, while Mr. Middleton, wheeling round upon him, uttered an exclamation of mingled amazement and credulity, so violent that it startled every one present.

"Great Heaven!" he said, "Carl! — is it you?"

"It is I, sir—all right!" answered Carl, extending his hand. He spoke mechanically, and looked so jaded, pale, and grim, that it was not surprising that very few persons had recognized him as he made his way up the room. "I did not mean to spring the thing on you like this," he said, as his uncle took the extended hand, half doubtfully, and looked at him with a score at least of interrogation-points in his eyes. "I thought I would go to Rosland, talk it over quietly, and take your advice about the best course to pursue; but when I got off the train ten minutes ago, I heard that Tyndale had been taken up and was being examined, so I thought the best thing I could do would be to come in at once, state exactly how it all occurred, and take the consequences, whatever they may be."

"But, are you mad?" said Mr. Middleton. "It can't be possible that you know any thing of Arthur Tyndale's death, for you were not even in the county."

"You are mistaken," said the young man, quietly. "I know every thing—every thing about it." Then he turned abruptly to Norah. A change which it is hard to analyze came over his face, a quick shiver of passion

crept into his voice. "Forgive me," he said, "that I have to drag your name forward. If it were possible to avoid it, I would do so, at any risk or cost to myself!"

"My name!" said Norah. "What has my name to do with it?"

But even as she asked the question, she felt what her name had to do with it, and a sudden sense of faintness came over her. It must all be told, then—there was no help for it! The faces around suddenly seemed to swim before her. She turned to Max with a blind instinct that in another moment she would make a scene. "Let me sit down!" she said, faintly.

But, after he had taken her to a seat, she detained him and would not allow him to open a window or ask for water. "Don't!" she said. "People will think that I have something to dread, and it is not of myself that I am thinking. You know that."

"But you should think of yourself," he said, angrily. "What does this mean? What can this hot-headed young fool have to say about you?"

"Only the old story seen from his point of view. Hush! — what is he saying? Let me hear!"

He had taken the oath and was giving his evidence to the magistrate with the manner of one who wishes to tell his story and be done with it. His quick, nervous voice—for it was evident that his coolness was only the result of supreme excitement—rang through the room so clearly that everybody heard distinctly all that was said. The silence was profound. Men pressed nearer, but no one spoke. Mr. Purcell listened with the air of a man who has reached the last point of possible astonishment, Mr. Colville eyed the speaker sternly with an air of mingled suspicion and incredulity; Mr. Middleton sat down with an audible groan. This was a terrible blow to him. Meanwhile, Carl was speaking:

"In saying that I am acquainted with the circumstances of Mr. Tyndale's death, I must add that I was unfortunately the cause of that death," he said, with his head upheld, his face white and set, his brown eyes steadily meeting the magistrates'. "The death itself was purely accidental; but he was struggling with me when it occurred—when, stepping back inadvertently, he lost his balance—so it is possible that the law will hold me accountable for it. However that may be, I am here now to speak the truth and clear suspicion from a man who has been unjustly accused."

"You are rather late in coming to speak the truth," said Mr. Colville, abruptly. "May I ask where you have been ever since the murder was discovered?"

"I will explain that point presently," said Carl, with a motion of the hand which could scarcely have been more carelessly contemptuous if he had been brushing a fly aside. Then he went on, addressing himself to Mr. Purcell with pointed directness:

"In order that you may understand the cause of the struggle which resulted in Mr. Tyndale's death, it is necessary that I should tax your patience far enough to enter into a detail of some personal circumstances which preceded it. On last Saturday I decided to

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

leave my uncle's house for a short visit to some relatives in a lower county. Chancing to drive into Wexford on business during the earlier part of the day, I thought that I might save time, in case I was late at night, by buying my ticket then; so I went to the ticket-office, where I was informed of the change of schedule, which threw the trains several hours later than the time on which they had been running, and where I also heard that Mr. Tyndale was intending to leave Wexford that night. This intelligence struck me, for I"—he paused, hesitated, a glow of color came into his face, then paled again—"I at once connected such an intention with some

There was a slight stir as these emphatic words rang out. People were disposed to be a little indignant. "He won't clear himself by slandering a dead man!" more than one of them muttered. Others had been shrewd enough to suspect some family scandal before this. Max's reticence, and Norah's extraordinary beauty, had been very significant of something of the kind. Interest began to increase. Even Mr. Colville listened more attentively. Max, who was overcome with rage, bent down to Norah. "Why do you not go forward and contradict such an assertion?" he said.

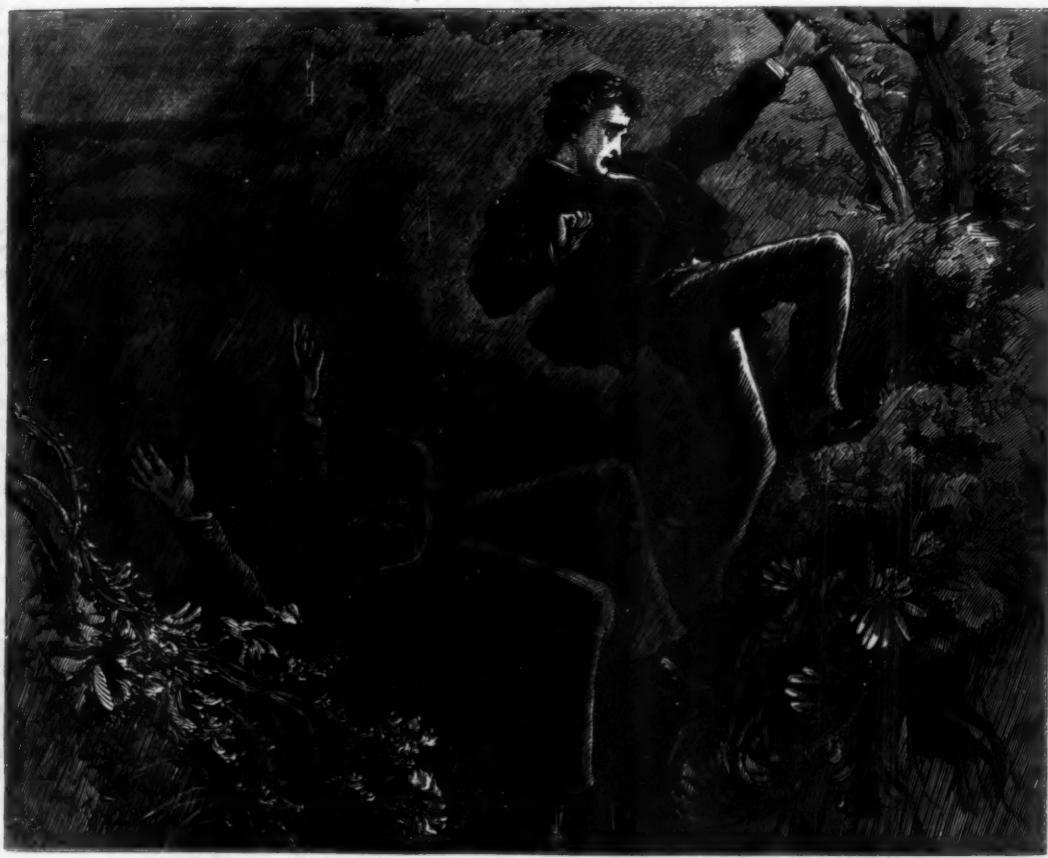
"There is time enough for that," she an-

swered. "Let him finish his story. It is not in my character, but in Arthur Tyndale's death, that the magistrates are concerned."

"Excuse me if I interrupt you for a minute," said Mr. Purcell just here, "but why should you have wished to prevent it?"

"Is it remarkable that I should have wished to prevent a dishonorable scoundrel from playing fast-and-loose with the cousin in the first instance, and the woman whom I hoped to marry, in the second?" demanded the young man, haughtily.

"But since Mr. Middleton is the head of your family and Miss Grahame's guardian," said the irrepressible Mr. Colville, "may I ask



"It was there his foot slipped, and . . . He went down."—Page 430.

words which I had overheard by chance that morning—words exchanged between Miss Desmond and Mr. Tyndale. They were talking in a summer-house in my uncle's grounds, under the window of which I passed"—he emphasized this word for Norah, as she felt, though he did not turn his glance on her—"and, in so passing, caught a reference to the ten-o'clock train at night which puzzled me. When I learned the news of Mr. Tyndale's proposed departure, however, all seemed plain enough. I saw then that the man who was engaged to one woman, had asked another woman to elope with him, and, furthermore, I believed that she had consented to do so."

swered. "Let him finish his story. It is not in my character, but in Arthur Tyndale's death, that the magistrates are concerned."

"I returned to Rosland," Carl meanwhile went on, "where there was a dinner-party that evening. After dinner I left, without telling my friends of the change of schedule, of which none of them were aware. They were all under the impression that I had taken the down-express, due here by the old schedule at 9.40 P. M. As soon as I reached Wexford, I sent the dog-cart back to Rosland, and soon afterward set forth in that direction myself. I was determined to see if my suspicions with regard to Miss Desmond and

why you did not go to him, if you wished the elopement prevented?"

"I am here to state that my conduct was, not to render an account of the motives which actuated me," answered Carl, waxing more haughty still. "Why I did not apply to my uncle has nothing whatever to do with the circumstances I am detailing." Then he took up the thread of his story again—a story to which Max and Norah listened as eagerly as any one else: "I entered the Rosland grounds unobserved, and took my way to the bridge. I had an instinct that I should meet Arthur Tyndale there, and I was not mistaken. As I crossed the bridge, I saw him advancing

from the opposite side toward me. I"—he stopped and hesitated for a minute—"I have scarcely a clear recollection of what followed. I met him just beyond the bridge, and asked him where he was going. He answered with an insolent refusal to tell me. I charged him, then, with his intention. Upon this, he grew very violent, accused me of insulting interference, and finally drew a pistol on me. I was unarmed; but I was the cooler man of the two—besides which, I saw that he had been drinking—and, as he was in the act of firing, I knocked the pistol out of his hand. Then he sprang at me like a tiger, and we closed. It was a hand-to-hand struggle for a minute or two—how long, exactly, I can't tell. I think he would have got the best of me, if I had not pressed him—almost unconsciously—toward the edge of the ravine. It was there his foot slipped, and—with my weight telling against him—he was hurled over. I should have gone too, if I had not saved myself by catching a small tree. *He went down.*"

Again the speaker's voice ceased abruptly. It was evidently only by a strong effort that he had forced himself to utter the last words. These words were simple enough, yet there was something in them—an unspoken power, an expression of reality—which thrilled every one present. They all felt that they had listened to the truth. The magnetism of the young man's tones seemed to bring before them, like a vivid picture, the midnight struggle, with its awful ending. As for him, he laid one hand on the table to steady himself, while with the other he took up and drank off a glass of water. He had not finished. There was something still to tell and he must do it. No one spoke. Even Mr. Colville for once was silent. They waited eagerly, breathlessly, until he went on:

"I was horribly startled when Tyndale fell—for I knew the height of the bank just there—and I waited for a minute that seemed to me an hour, to see if he would move or speak. Since he did neither, I spoke to him. He gave no answer. Then I struggled down the bank as well as I could in the dim light, and went to where he was lying. He"—a short pause—"he breathed once or twice after I reached him, but he neither spoke nor groaned. That is all."

"Not quite all," said Mr. Purcell, in a grave voice, after a moment's pause. To him, no more than to any one else, did any doubt of the statement come. Sometimes there is an irresistible power in truth to make itself felt, and this was one of those occasions. No sane man could possibly have suspected that any thing like falsehood lurked behind Carl Middleton's white face, and simple, straightforward story. "There is one thing yet," said the magistrate. "If the death occurred as you have described, why did you not at once summon witnesses and acknowledge the share you had borne in it?"

"Because I was too horror-stricken and excited to take time for rational thought," the young man answered. "The first impulse which came to me when I realized what had happened, was to leave the spot. This I did at once. I retraced my steps to Wexford so rapidly, that I reached there in time for the Alton train, which I took. My undefined

intention was to leave the country as soon as possible—not so much because I dreaded any consequences of what had occurred, as because I wished to fling it and all association with it behind me. But, yesterday, cooler thoughts came to me. I began to realize that the right thing to do was to come back and tell the truth, especially since I feared that some innocent person—I did not think of Captain Tyndale, however—might fall under suspicion. The result proves that this instinct was a right one."

"I am sorry—extremely sorry—that Captain Tyndale should have suffered so much annoyance," said Mr. Purcell—it was worthy of note that even such meagre expression of regret as this stuck in Mr. Colville's throat, as "amen" did in that of Macbeth—"I hope he will remember that I only did my duty according to the evidence given before me. Such disagreeable mistakes will occur sometimes, but it gives me sincere pleasure to release him from custody now, with—with an apology for his detention."

"I think you are proceeding rather fast, Purcell," said his colleague, stiffly. "The law receives with reluctance—great reluctance—the evidence of a man against himself. There are one or two points yet to be considered in Mr.—ahem!—Middleton's testimony. He does not assert, but he leads us to suppose," proceeded this benign minister of justice, "that the ruling motive of the conduct which he describes—very ungentlemanly and insulting conduct, in my opinion—was a violent passion for Miss Desmond, united with jealousy of Mr. Tyndale. But it is a well-known fact that Mr. Tyndale was engaged to Miss Grahame, and it is scarcely likely, therefore, that he should have been contemplating" (Mr. Colville was fond of long words which had an imposing effect) "an elopement with a young lady who is—as I understand—related to Miss Grahame."

Before Carl could reply—though the quick lightning which leaped into his eyes replied for him—Norah rose and came forward. "Now is my opportunity!" she said, in a nervous whisper to Max, and Max did not try to detain her. He went forward with her, however, and stood by her side while she addressed the magistrate.

"If you will excuse me," she said—and her clear, sweet voice thrilled like music on all the listening ears, after the harsh, masculine tones to which they had been hearkening—"I should like to answer now the question which was addressed to me before Mr. Middleton came in—the question relating to the business which took Captain Tyndale to Stratford, and in which I have already said that I was concerned. It will serve to explain and in a measure substantiate the statement which Mr. Middleton has made."

"I am quite ready to hear any evidence that you have to offer," said Mr. Purcell, courteously. Elopement or no elopement, he could not resist the charm which Norah's lovely countenance had for him. In fact, he credited nothing in her disfavor, and would not have minded breaking a lance for her in his old-fashioned way.

"I must ask you to believe, then, that it is with deep regret, and only to explain things

which are misunderstood, and which may be misrepresented, that I speak," she said. "I am more than sorry—oh, much more than sorry—to utter any thing which may reflect discredit on the dead, or which can pain the living; but I have no alternative. In justice to myself I must state the truth—in which Captain Tyndale will bear me witness."

She then began, and, with a clear, unflattering voice, told the history of all that had occurred between Arthur and herself, together with the part which Max and Carl had played therein; a history which has already been given in detail, and need not again be given in general outline. Mr. Middleton writhed in his chair: but what could he say? Even if objection would have done any good, how could he object? He had sense enough to know that this, which was important to Norah, was essential to Carl. Without her evidence, the cause of his quarrel with Arthur Tyndale would have rested on his single, unsupported assertion. Now it was proved beyond question by her testimony and that of Max, corroborating all that she said.

After the last words were uttered, she drew down her veil and turned away. "That is all!" she said. Then she walked up to Mr. Middleton, who sat with one hand over his eyes, the other resting on the top of his gold-headed cane. "Will you take me to the carriage?" she said to him, in a low, deprecating voice. "I suppose I may go now—may I not?"

"I suppose these gentleman will kindly allow you to do so, since they have gratified their curiosity by ferreting out all that they wanted to know," he answered, bitterly. He rose as he spoke and offered her his arm. Keenly as he resented her conduct, "from first to last," as he said to himself, he would not for any consideration have seemed lacking in the most minute punctilio of respect—especially before all the curious eyes that were bent upon them. Leaning on his arm, she passed down the aisle which the curious crowd, falling back on either side, made—and so out of the justice-room.

Mr. Middleton placed her in the carriage, which was waiting on the outside, and then closed the door. "After you have taken Miss Desmond to Rosiland, bring the carriage back," he said to the coachman. "I must trouble you to explain my absence to my wife, Miss Desmond," he added—very coldly—to Norah. "Tell her that I will come as soon as possible—as soon as I get through with those men in yonder, and am able to bring Carl with me."

"Had you not better write a line to Mrs. Middleton?" said Norah. "I—how can I tell her all that has occurred? It is not that I would shrink from the pain on my own account," she added, eagerly, "but it would make it much worse to her if she heard it from me."

He knew this was true. "Wait a minute, then," he said, and, opening his pocket-book, he began to scribble a few lines on a blank page. While he was so engrossed, Max Tyndale (who had taken immediate advantage of his newly-acquired freedom) came up to the door of the carriage. His face was still

very pale, but his dark eyes were glowing.

"Are you going away without even giving me an opportunity to thank you for all that you have done for me?" he said, in a low voice—a voice that seemed full of emotion.

"What is there to thank me for?" she asked, almost brusquely. "I merely came forward and told the truth. It was you who were enduring suspicion and imprisonment sooner than—than call on me for this evidence, as you should have done at once."

"As I would have endured a thousand times more, sooner than have done!" said he. "You cannot tell what I felt when I came in and saw you!—you cannot tell what I have endured during this last hour!"

"It has been something very hard, even to me—something which I am not likely ever to forget," she said. "But you see that, under any circumstances, it must have come to pass. There was no help for it. If I had not offered myself as a witness for you, I should, no doubt, have been summoned as a witness for Carl Middleton."

"Have you suspected him at all?" asked he, looking at her intently.

"Not at all—never for a moment. But I feared from the first that you might be suspected."

"And Leslie—Miss Grahame! What has she thought?—surely she has not believed that I was guilty?"

"No; Leslie did not believe it," answered Norah. She spoke quietly, almost indifferently; but there was a pang at her heart. It was of Leslie, he thought; not of her. She had periled her good name in his defense; but all that he cared to learn was whether Leslie, in the midst of her sorrow and in the safe seclusion of her home, had thought him guilty! At least this was what Norah thought. She would not look at him to read her mistake—if mistake it were—in his eyes. She was buttoning her glove, with fingers much more quick and nervous than her voice, when she said, "What will be the result of all this, as far as that mad boy is concerned?"

"Nothing very serious, I hope," Captain Tyndale answered. "I left the magistrates deciding at what amount they will fix his bail. He will be at liberty until the grand-jury has taken cognizance of his case."

"And then?"

"Then they may find a bill against him, and he may have to stand a trial, but the result can only be final acquittal. I have no doubt but that every thing occurred exactly as he states."

"Nor I," said she, in a low voice.

As she spoke, he saw that she was trembling, and it suddenly occurred to him to wonder what Carl Middleton was to her. What right had he possessed to take upon himself the part of defender, which he had played with such woful results? Not that of an accepted suitor, certainly. His own avowal had made that much clear. Indeed, it was very evident that he had quitted Rombald as a hopeless or rejected suitor. But many a hopeless or rejected suitor has possessed the heart of the woman who rejected him, and that Max knew. He also knew

enough of Norah Desmond by this time, to be aware that she had sufficient pride to hold aloof even from the man she loved, if she thought that his family would be unwilling to receive her—and of the unwillingness of the Middletons there could be no question. These thoughts went through Max's mind like a flash.

"I don't think you need be uneasy about Mr. Middleton," he said. "Your testimony supported his own so well that—"

"Here is the note, Miss Desmond," said Mr. Middleton, coming between them. "I am very sorry to have detained you so long.—Bring the carriage back as quickly as possible," he added to the coachman.

At this hint Max felt that he must fall back. Not one straight look into Norah's eyes had he gained yet. "She is thinking too much of Middleton to care for me!" he thought, with that exquisite discernment and reason which distinguishes a man to whom love begins to come as enlightener and mystifier both at once. Still he leaned forward quickly, and took the hand which was absently holding Mr. Middleton's note.

"God bless you!" he said, in a voice which rang in Norah's ears for many a long day afterward. "If I were to try forever I could never thank you for all that you have endured for me—for the revelation of yourself you have made to me to-day! There is much yet to be done—at Stratford—which claims my attention now, but I will see you very soon."

The words were little—the tone was everything. If Norah had looked up, a single glance might have settled every thing between them; but Norah did not look up. She dared not. Instinct warned her that tears—or suggestion of tears—were in her eyes, and she would have sooner died (at least so she thought) than show those tears to Max Tyndale. He was only meaning to thank her—of that she felt sure—and what were his thanks to her? She steadied her voice until it was almost cold, as she said—

"Good-by!"

Only that. The next moment her hand lay in her lap—a poor, little crushed hand, if she had taken time or thought to feel its pain—and the carriage was driving rapidly away.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF RICHARD WAGNER.

IT is a curious fact to note how often art-controversy has become edged with a bitterness rivaling even the gall and venom of religious dispute. Scholars have not yet forgotten the fiery war of words which raged between Richard Bentley and his opponents concerning the authenticity of the "Epistles of Phalaris," nor how literary Germany was divided into two hostile camps by Wolf's attack on the personality of Homer. It is no less fresh in the minds of critics how that modern Jupiter, Lessing, waged a long and bitter battle with the Titans of the French classical drama, and finally crushed them with the thunder-bolt of the "Dramaturgie;" nor what acrimony sharpened the discussion between the rival theorists in music, Gluck

and Piccini, at Paris. All of the intensity of these art-campaigns, and many of the conditions of the last, enter into the contest between Richard Wagner and the "Italianissimi" of the present day.

The exact points at issue have been so-bogged by the smoke of the battle, that many of the large class who are musically interested, but have never had an opportunity to study the question, will find an advantage in a clear and comprehensive sketch of the facts and principles involved. There are still many people who think of Wagner as a youthful and eccentric enthusiast, all afire with misdirected genius, a mere carpet-knight on the sublime battle-field of art, a beginner just sowing his wild-oats in works like "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," or the "Rheingold." It will be a revelation full of suggestive value for these to realize that he is a musical thinker, ripe with sixty years of labor and experience; that he represents the rarest and choicest fruits of modern culture, not only as musician, but as poet and philosopher; that he is the only example in the history of the art where massive scholarship and the power of subtle analysis have been united, in a preeminent degree, with great creative genius. Preliminary to a study of what Wagner and his disciples entitle the "Art-work of the Future," let us take a swift survey of music as a medium of expression for the beautiful, and some of the forms which it has assumed.

This Ariel of the fine arts sends its messages to the human soul by virtue of a four-fold capacity: Firstly, the imitation of the voices of Nature, such as the winds, the waves, and the cries of animals; secondly, its potential delight as melody, modulation, rhythm, harmony; in other words, its simple worth as a "thing of beauty," without regard to cause or consequence; thirdly, its force of boundless suggestion; fourthly, that affinity for union with the more definite and exact forms of the imagination (poetry), by which the intellectual context of the latter is raised to a far higher power of grace, beauty, passion, sweetness, without losing individuality of outline; like, indeed, the hazy aureole, which painters set on the brow of the man Jesus, to fix the seal of the ultimate divinity. Though several or all of these may be united in the same composition, each musical work may be characterized in the main as descriptive, sensuous, suggestive, or dramatic, according as either element contributes most largely to its purpose. Simple melody or harmony appeals mostly to the sensuous love-of sweet sounds. The symphony does this in an enlarged and complicated sense, but is still more marked by the marvelous suggestive energy with which it unlocks all the secret raptures of fancy, floods the borderlands of thought, with a glory not to be found on sea or land, and paints ravishing pictures, that come and go like dreams, with colors drawn from the "twelve-tinted tone-spectrum." Shelley describes this peculiar influence of music in his "Prometheus Unbound," with exquisite beauty and truth:

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet-singing,

And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it,
While all the waves with melody are ringing,
It seems to float ever, forever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses."

As the symphony best expresses the suggestive potency in music, the operatic form incarnates its capacity of definite thought, and the expression of that thought. The term "lyric," as applied to the genuine operatic conception, is a misnomer. Under the accepted operatic form, however, it has relative truth, as the main musical purpose of opera seems, hitherto, to have been less to furnish expression for intense emotions, grand thoughts, or exquisite sentiments, than to grant the vocal virtuoso opportunity to display phenomenal qualities of voice and execution. But all opera, however it may stray from the fundamental idea, suggests this dramatic element in music, just as mere lyricism in the poetic art is the blossom from which is unfolded the full-blown perfection of the word-drama, the grandest form of all poetry.

That music, by and of itself, cannot express the intellectual element in the beautiful dream-images of art with precision, is a palpable truth. Yet, by its imperial dominion over the sphere of emotion and sentiment, the connection of the latter with complicated mental phenomena is made to bring into the domain of tone vague and shifting fancies and pictures. How much further music can be made to assimilate to the other arts in directness of mental suggestion, by wedding to it the noblest forms of poetry, and making each the complement of the other, is the knotty problem which underlies the great art-controversy, about which our article con-

cerns itself. On the one side we have the claim that music is the all-sufficient law unto itself; that its appeal to sympathy is through the intrinsic sweetness of harmony and tune, and the intellect must be satisfied with what it may accidentally gleam in this harvest-field; that, in the delirious rapture experienced in the sensuous apperception of its beauty, lies the highest phase of art-sensitivity. Therefore, concludes the syllogism, it matters nothing as to the character of the libretto or poem, to whose words the music

follow the idea of the Greek Plato, and the greatest of his modern disciples, Schopenhauer—it to serve as the incarnation of the true and the good; and, even as Goethe makes the Earth-Spirit sing in "Faust"—

" 'Tis thus ever at the loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest him
by"—

so the highest art is that which best embodies the immortal thought of the universe as reflected in the mirror of man's consciousness; that music, as speaking the most spiritual language of any of the art-family, is burdened with the most pressing responsibility as the interpreter between the finite and the infinite; that all its forms must be measured by the earnestness and success with which they teach and suggest what is loftiest in aspiration and the truest in thought; that music, when wedded to the sublimest form of poetry (the drama), produces the consummate art-result, and sacrifices, to some extent, its power of boundless suggestion, only to acquire a greater glory and influence, that of investing definite intellectual images with an exquisite spiritual raiment, through which they shine on the supreme altitudes of ideal thought; that to make this marriage perfect as an art-form



RICHARD WAGNER.

is arranged, so long as the dramatic framework suffices as a cohesive support for the flowery festoons of song, which drape its ugliness and beguile attention by the fascinations of exquisite bloom and grace. On the other hand, the apostles of the new musical philosophy insist that art is something more than a vehicle for the mere sense of the beautiful, an exquisite provocation wherewith to startle the sense of a selfish, epicurean pleasure; that its highest function—to

and fruitful in result, the two partners must come as equals to the divine sacrament, neither one the drudge of the other; that in this organic fusion music and poetry contribute, each its best, to emancipate art from its thralldom to that which is merely trivial, commonplace, and accidental, and make it a revelation to the human soul of all that is most exalted in thought, sentiment, and purpose. Such is the aesthetic theory of Richard Wagner's art-work.

It is suggestive to note that the earliest recognized function of music, before it had learned to enslave itself to mere sensuous enjoyment, was similar in spirit to that which its latest reformer demands for it in the art of the future. The glory of its birth then shone on its brow. It was the handmaid and minister of the religious instinct. The imagination became afire with the mystery of life and Nature, and burst into the flames and frenzies of rhythm. Poetry was born, but instantly sought the wings of music for a higher flight than the mere word would permit. Even the great epics of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were originally sung or chanted by the Homeric, and the same essential union seems to have been in some measure demanded afterward in the Greek drama, which, at its best, was always inspired with the religious sentiment. There is every reason to believe that the chorus of the drama of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, uttered their comments on the action of the play with such a prolongation and variety of pitch in the rhythmic intervals as to constitute a sustained and melodic recitative. Music at this time was an essential part of the drama. When the creative genius of Greece had set toward its ebb, they were divorced, and music was only set to lyric forms. Such remained the status of the art till, in the Italian Renaissance, modern opera was born in the reunion of music and the drama. Like the other arts, it assumed at the outset to be a mere revival of antique traditions. The great poets of Italy had then passed away, and it was left for music to fill the void.

The muse, Polyhymnia, soon emerged from the stage of childish stammering. Guitone di Arezzo taught her to fix her thoughts in indelible signs, and two centuries of training culminated in the inspired composers, Orlando di Lasso and Palestrina. Of the gradual degradation of the operatic art as its forms became more elaborate and fixed; of the arbitrary transfer of absolute musical forms like the aria, duet, finale, etc., into the action of the opera without regard to poetic propriety; of the growing tendency to treat the human voice like any other instrument, merely to show its resources as an organ; of the final utter bondage of the poet to the musician, till opera became little more than a *congeries* of musico-gymnastic forms, wherein the tenor *castrato* could show his vocal tight-rope dancing, it needs not to speak at length, for some of these vices have not yet disappeared. In the language of Dante's heavenly guide through the *Inferno*, at one stage of their wanderings, when the sights were peculiarly mournful and desolate—

"Non raggioland da lor, ma guarda e passa."

The loss of all poetic verity and earnestness in opera furnished the great composer Gluck with the motive of the bitter and protracted contest which he waged with varying success throughout Europe, though principally in Paris. Gluck boldly affirmed, and carried out the principle in his compositions, that the task of dramatic music was to accompany the different phases of emotion in the text, and give them their highest effect of spiritual intensity. The singer must be

the mouth-piece of the poet, and must take the most extreme care in giving the full poetical burden of the song. Thus, the declamatory music became of great importance, and Gluck's recitative reached an unequalled degree of perfection.

The critics of Gluck's time hurled at him the same charges which are familiar to us now as coming from the mouths and pens of the enemies of Wagner's music. Yet Gluck, however conscious of the ideal unity between music and poetry, never thought of bringing this about by a sacrifice of any of the forms of his own peculiar art. His influence, however, was very great, and the traditions of the great *maestro's* art have been kept alive in the works of his no less great disciples, Mehul, Cherubini, Spontini, and Meyerbeer.

Two other attempts to engraft new and vital power on the rigid and trivial sentimentality of the Italian forms of opera were those of Rossini and Weber. The former was gifted with the greatest affluence of pure melodiousness ever given to a composer. But even his sparkling originality and freshness did little more than reproduce the old forms under a more attractive guise. Weber, on the other hand, stood in the van of a movement which had its fountain-head in the strong romantic and national feeling, pervading the whole of society and literature. There was a general revival of medieval and popular poetry, with its balmy odor of the woods, and fields, and streams. Weber's melody was the direct offspring of the tunefulness of the German *Volkssied*, and so it expressed, with wonderful freshness and beauty, all the range of passion and sentiment within the limits of this pure and simple language. But the boundaries were far too narrow to build upon them the ultimate union of music and poetry, which should express the perfect harmony of the two arts. While it is true that all of the great German composers protested, by their works, against the spirit and character of the Italian school of music, Wagner claims that the first abrupt and strongly-defined departure toward a radical reform in art is found in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with chorus. Speaking of this remarkable leap from instrumental to vocal music in a professedly symphonic composition, Wagner, in his "Essay on Beethoven," says: "We declare that the work of art, which was formed and quickened entirely by that deed, must present the most perfect artistic form, i. e., that form in which, as for the drama, so also and especially for music, every conventionality would be abolished." Beethoven is asserted to have founded the new musical school, when he admitted, by his recourse to the vocal *cantata* in the greatest of his symphonic works, that he no longer recognized absolute music as sufficient unto itself.

In Bach and Handel, the great masters of fugue and counterpoint; in Rossini, Mozart, and Weber, the consummate creators of melody—then, according to this view, we only recognize thinkers in the realm of pure music. In Beethoven, the greatest of them all, was laid the basis of the new epoch of tone-poetry. In the immortal songs of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Franz, and

the symphonies of the first four, the vitality of the reformatory idea is richly illustrated. In the music-drama of Wagner is found the full flower and development of the art work.

WILLIAM RICHARD WAGNER, the formal projector of the gigantic changes whose details are yet to be sketched, was born at Leipsic in 1813. As a child he displayed no very marked artistic tastes, though his ear and memory for music were quite remarkable. When admitted to the University of Dresden, the young student, however, distinguished himself by his very great talent for literary composition and the classical languages. To this early culture, perhaps, we are indebted for the great poetic power which has enabled him to compose the remarkable *libretti* which have furnished the basis of his music. His first creative attempt was a blood-thirsty drama, where forty-two characters are killed, and the few survivors are haunted by the ghosts. Young Wagner soon devoted himself to the study of music, and, in 1833, became a pupil of Theodor Weinlig, a distinguished teacher of harmony and counterpoint. His four years of study at this time were also years of activity in creative experiment, as he composed four operas.

His first opera of note was "Rienzi," with which he went to Paris in 1837. In spite of Meyerbeer's efforts in its favor, this work was rejected, and laid aside for some years. Wagner supported himself by musical criticism and other literary work, and soon was in a position to offer another opera, "Der Fliegende Holländer," to the authorities of the Grand Opera-House. Again the directors refused the work, but were so charmed with the beauty of the libretto that they bought it to be reset to music. Until the year 1842, life was a trying struggle for the indomitable young musician. "Rienzi" was then produced at Dresden, so much to the delight of the King of Saxony that the composer was made royal *Capellmeister* and leader of the orchestra. The production of "Der Fliegende Holländer" quickly followed; next came "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," to be swiftly succeeded by the "Meistersinger von Nürnberg." This period of our *maestro's* musical activity also commenced to witness the development of his theories on the philosophy of his art, and some of his most remarkable critical writings were then given to the world.

Political troubles obliged Wagner to spend seven years of exile in Zurich; thence he went to London, where he remained till 1861 as conductor of the London Philharmonic Society. In 1861 the exile returned to his native country, and spent several years in Germany and Russia—there having arisen quite a *furore* for his music in the latter country. The enthusiasm awakened in the breast of King Louis of Bavaria by "Der Fliegende Holländer," resulted in a summons to Wagner to settle at Munich, and with the glories of the Royal Opera-House in that city his name has since been principally connected. The culminating art-splendor of his life, however, will be the production of his stupendous tetralogy, the "Ring der Nibelungen," at the great opera-house, now in process of erection at Bayreuth, in the spring of the year 1875.

The first element to be noted in Wagner's operatic forms is the energetic protest against the artificial and conventional in music. The utter want of dramatic symmetry and fitness in the operas we have been accustomed to hear, could only be overlooked on the score of habit, and the tendency to submerge all else in the mere enjoyment of the music. This utter variance of music and poetry was to Wagner the stumbling-block which, first of all, must be removed. So he crushed at one stroke all the hard, arid forms which existed in the lyrical drama as it had been known. His opera, then, is no longer a *congeries* of separate musical numbers, like duets, arias, chorals, and finales, set in a flimsy web of formless recitative, without reference to dramatic economy. His great purpose is lofty dramatic truth, and to this end he sacrifices the whole framework of accepted musical forms, with the exception of the chorus, and this he remodels. The musical energy is concentrated in the dialogue as the main factor of the dramatic problem, and fashioned entirely according to the requirements of the action. The continuous flow of beautiful melody takes the place alike of the dry recitative and the art musical forms, which characterize the accepted school of opera. As the dramatic *motif* demands, this "continuous melody" rises into the highest ecstasies of the lyrical fervor, or ebbs into a chant-like swell of subdued feeling, like the ocean after the rush of the storm. If Wagner has destroyed musical forms, he has also added a positive element. In place of the aria we have the *logos*. This is the musical expression of the principal passion underlying the action of the drama. Whenever, in the course of the development of the story, this passion comes into ascendancy, the heavenly strains of the *logos* are heard anew, stilling all other sounds. Gounod has, in part, applied this principle in "Faust." All opera-goers will remember the intense dramatic effect arising from the recurrence of the same exquisite lyric outburst from the lips of Marguerite.

The peculiar character of Wagner's word-drama next arouses critical interest and attention. The composer is his own poet, and his creative genius shines no less here than in the world of tone. The musical energy flows entirely from the dramatic conditions, like the electrical current from the cups of the battery; and the rhythmical structure of the *melos* (tune) is simply the transfiguration of the poetical basis. The poetry, then, is all-important in the music-drama. Wagner has rejected the forms of blank verse and rhyme as utterly unsuited to the lofty purposes of music, and has gone to the metrical principle of all the Teutonic and Slavonic poetry. This rhythmic element of alliteration, or *strophymus*, we find magnificently illustrated in the Scandinavian Eddas, and even in our own Anglo-Saxon fragments of the days of Caedmon and Alcuin. By the use of this new form, verse and melody glide together in one exquisite rhythm, in which it seems impossible to separate the one from the other. The strong accents of the alliterating syllables supply the music with firmness, while the low-toned syllables give opportunity for the most varied nuances of declamation.

The first radical development of Wagner's theories we see in "The Flying Dutchman." In "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" they find full sway. The utter revolt of his mind from the trivial and commonplace sentimentalities of Italian opera led him to believe that the most heroic and lofty motives alone should furnish the dramatic foundation of opera. For a while he oscillated between history and legend, as best adapted to furnish his material. In selecting the dream-land of myth and legend, we may detect another example of the profound and *exigent* art-instincts which have ruled the whole of Wagner's life. There could be no question as to the utter incongruity of any dramatic picture of ordinary events, or ordinary personages, finding expression in musical utterance. Genuine and profound art must always be consistent with itself, and what we recognize as general truth. Even characters set in the comparatively near background of history, are too closely related to our own familiar surroundings of thought and mood to be regarded as artistically natural in the use of music as the organ of the everyday life of emotion and sentiment. But with the dim and heroic shapes that haunt the border-land of the supernatural, which we call legend, the case is far different. This is the drama of the demi-gods, living in a different atmosphere from our own, however akin to ours may be their passions and purposes. For these we are no longer compelled to regard the medium of music as a forced and untruthful expression, for do they not dwell in the magic lands of the Imagination? All sense of dramatic inconsistency instantly vanishes, and the conditions of artistic illusion are perfect.

*"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And clothes the mountains with their azure hue."*

Thus all of Wagner's works, from "Der Fliegende Holländer" to the "Ring der Nibelungen," the last part of which is now in process of composition, have been located in the world of myth, in obedience to a profound art-principle. The opera of "Tristan and Isolde," first performed in 1865, announced Wagner's absolute emancipation, both in the construction of music and poetry, from the time-honored and time-corrupted canons, and, aside from the last great work, may be received as the most perfect representation of his school.

The third main feature in the Wagner music is the wonderful use of the orchestra as a factor in the solution of the art-problem. This is no longer a mere accompaniment to the singer, but translates the passion of the play into a grand symphony, running parallel and commingling with the vocal music. Wagner, as a consummate master of orchestration, has had no equal since Beethoven; and he uses his power with marvelous effect to heighten the dramatic intensity of the action, and, at the same time, to convey certain meanings, which can only find vent in the vague and indistinct forms of pure music. The romantic conception of medieval love, the shudders and raptures of Christian revelation, have certain phases that absolute music alone can express. The orchestra, then, becomes as much an integral part of the music-drama, in its actual current movement, as the chorus, or

the leading performers. Placed on the stage, yet out of sight, its strains might almost be fancied the sound of the sympathetic communion of good and evil spirits, with whose presence mystic formerly claimed man was constantly surrounded. Wagner's use of the orchestra may be illustrated from the opera of "Lohengrin."

The ideal background, from which the emotions of the human actors in the drama are reflected with supernatural light, is the conception of the "Holy Grail," the mystic symbol of the Christian faith, and its descent from the skies, guarded by hosts of seraphim. This is the subject of the orchestral prelude, and never have the sweetmesses and terrors of the Christian ecstasy been more divinely expressed. The prelude opens with long-drawn chords of the violins, in the highest octaves, in the most exquisite *pianissimo*. The inner eye of the spirit discerns in this the suggestion of their shapeless white clouds, hardly discernible from the aerial blue of the sky. Suddenly the strings seem to sound from the farthest distance, in continued *pianissimo*, and the melody, the Grail-motive, takes shape, and the lofty and serene clouds to move and thrill with a new meaning. Gradually, to the fancy, a group of angels seem to reveal themselves, slowly descending from the heavenly heights, and bearing in their midst the *Sangreal*. Glorious harmonies throb through the air, augmenting in richness and sweetness, till the *fortissimo* of the full orchestra reveals the sacred mystery in overpowering splendor. With this climax of spiritual ecstasy the harmonious waves gradually recede and ebb away in an exquisite, dying sweetness, as the angels return to their heavenly abode. This orchestral movement recurs in the opera, according to the laws of dramatic fitness, and its melody is heard also in the *logos* of Lohengrin, the knight of the Grail, to express certain phases of his action. The immense power which music is thus made to have in dramatic effect can easily be fancied.

A fourth prominent characteristic of the Wagner music-drama is that, to develop its full splendor, there must be a co-operation of all the arts, painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as poetry and music. Therefore, in realizing its effects, much importance rests in the visible beauties of action, as they may be expressed by the painting of scenery, and the grouping of human figures. Well may such a gigantic conception be called the "Art-work of the Future."

Wagner for a long time despaired of the visible execution of his ideas. At last the celebrated pianist, Tausig, suggested an appeal to the admirers of the new music throughout the world for means to carry out the composer's great idea, viz., to perform the "Nibelungen" at a theatre to be erected for the purpose, and by a select company, in the manner of a national festival, and before an audience entirely removed from the atmosphere of vulgar theatrical shows. The plan has been so far successful that it is expected to be consummated in the spring of 1875, at Bayreuth. The performance of the "Ring der Nibelungen" will cover four evenings, devoted successively to the "Rheingold," "Die Walküren," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung."

("The Dusk of the Gods"), and be carried out under the most perfect art-conditions, the series to be repeated three times during the festival.

Those who are fortunate enough to witness the production of this sublime art-work will be able to realize in full what the union of poetry and music may be made under the best estate of both, so pregnantly hinted at by Shakespeare:

"If music and sweet poetry both agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother."

One God is God of both, as poets feign."

GEORGE T. FARRIS.

JAPANESE FIRE-PROOFS.

IT is estimated that the entire area of Yedo is burned over once in every seven years. We are inclined to believe the estimate no exaggeration. Within the memory of the writer, during three years' residence, nearly one-half of the built-up portion of the city has been destroyed by fire. A first-class conflagration occurs about once a month, and rarely does a day pass, during which the firemen are not called out in some part of its hundred square miles of surface.

"Town geology" is easily studied in the mikado's capital, since the greater part of the city is supplied with water brought from the Tonegawa, nine miles distant. And, as the wooden aqueducts require frequent repair, the soil can be examined to the depth of several feet every time a cutting is made. The soil of the city is composed of successive strata of ashes, carbonized wood, burnt tiles, and the débris of fires. Each stratum is the record of a conflagration.

The majority of the shops and dwellings of Yedo are of wood, and slightly built. Where earthquakes, typhoons, and fires, are so common, timber so cheap, and carpenters so numerous, costly houses do not seem to be in vogue. The first sight of Yedo makes one think of a collection of booths. One almost expects to wake up in the morning and see the whole city disappear like Longfellow's Arabs. With the heavy probability, amounting almost to certainty, of their dwellings being reduced to ashes within seven years, even rich natives could not, until foreigners came to Japan, be prevailed upon to build any thing but frame houses, usually of one story. In all the great city of Yedo, prior to 1867, there was but one stone house, and that was but ten feet high.

The Japanese people are miraculously careless about fire. They used to speak of conflagrations as the "blooming flowers of Yedo." One's faith in the respectable old proverb, "The burned child dreads the fire" is continually shocked in Japan. Rare is the man or woman who has not been burned out at least once in a lifetime. The people seem to have no memory about fires. As soon as one is over, they forget all about it. As for crying about a fire which burns down their houses and ruins the labor of years, they consider that not merely foolish, but entirely out of place. A house in ashes is to them spilled milk, and nothing more.

The old punishment of an incendiary was that he should be burned to death at the stake, but any amount of carelessness is forgiven.

In summer, one can live in a Japanese city with tolerable security. As soon as cold weather sets in, and the use of artificial means of heat and light begins, the harvest of the fire fiend is garnered in heaps of ashes. The great carelessness of the people is assisted by earthquakes. After nearly every heavy shock, conflagrations break out because braziers or candles have been upset. After a shock of extraordinary violence—such as that in 1855—the extent and duration of these fires are appalling. Our geographies, however, kill more people than the law of simple truth allows. They all declare, with suspicious unanimity, that two hundred thousand people were killed in Yedo by the earthquake of 1855. The Japanese books, whose sins are those of multiplication, rather than of division, set down the number of killed at one hundred and four thousand. Having questioned many natives of Yedo as to the facts of the case, I am satisfied that ten thousand will cover the number of those killed by the earthquake and fires of 1855.

Since, then, the destruction of his house by fire is so certain to the native of Japan, what means does he take to resist the "devouring element?"

What an American does on a small scale, the Japanese does on a large. The former puts fire-proof safe in his house, the latter makes his house a fire-proof safe.

The appearance of a Japanese city or town after a conflagration is very different from that in an American city. There are no standing walls or chimneys, no columns, no piles of white-hot brick-work, no iron twisted into fantastic shapes. There is nothing but an irregular level of wood-ashes and burnt tiles, except here and there, out of the burning prairies of débris, stand the fire-proof houses, perfectly unharmed, reminding one of children's toy-houses on the floor.

These fire-proofs are called by the Japanese *kura*, and by foreigners "go-downs" (corruption of the Malay *gadang*). None but fairly well-to-do merchants and gentlemen own them, as they are too costly for the average shopkeeper. In a village there may be one or two of these *kura*, in a town several. In great Yedo there are thousands.

The Japanese fire-proof is usually from thirty to fifty feet high, and from twelve to fifty feet square. It may be one, two, or three storied. A stout frame of timbers is set on a foundation of stone, and a close lattice of whole bamboo poles is securely tied to the timbers. A wattle of reeds and palm-fibre rope hangs from and fills in the interstices of the bamboo. The tedious work of coating the wattle with well-mixed and tempered mud then begins. This armor, which is to be proof against the hottest fire, consists of twenty-five coats. The best fire-proofs in Yedo have walls a foot and a half in thickness, which consist of fifty coats of mud. The roof is made in the same manner, and then covered with tiles. The doors and windows resemble the doors of our fire-proof safes, being usually a foot in thickness, and

having several flanges, so as to shut off flame and draft.

After this unprepossessing structure is dry, several layers of plaster are put on it, which add to its looks, and secure its durability. Many of these fire-proofs are also covered with a lustrous black cement, which looks and lasts like black marble.

These fire-proofs are used mostly for the storage of merchandise, but some are carefully finished inside, and are temporarily used as dwellings after a fire.

In the business quarter of Yedo, the silk, lacquer, tea, bronze, drug, and other merchants build a shop in front of and adjoining their *kura*, just as our fire-proof rooms open upon and into the office. A quantity of fine earth is kept ready at hand to be mixed at a moment's notice. At the alarm of fire, the porters rush to this earth, make it into a paste, and quickly knead it to the consistence of hasty-pudding. All the windows of the fire-proof are then shut and bolted. A number of candles are set into candlesticks and lighted. The scientific object and result of this apparent waste of wicks and wax is seen in a moment. The door of the *kura* is then shut and locked, and the crevices of the windows and the door are thickly smeared with the mud-paste, so as to prevent draught, and keep out the flames. By the candles within, the air is changed into carbonic acid and nitrogen. After all the movables are saved from the shop, and the flames have certainly enveloped it, the Japanese merchant wends his way to the lumber-yard, to order materials for a new house, and to contract for its rebuilding. Many rich merchants in Yedo have, at this moment, standing orders with the lumbermen, and specifications and contracts ready drawn for the erection of duplicate buildings. People of ordinary means do not wait for the ashes of a fire to cool, but, clearing away the débris, set the carpenters immediately to work. There are no insurance companies in Japan, but every one who can lay by a few hundred dollars does so, to be prepared for loss by fire. Thus, there really exists a comparatively large insurance-fund in the country.

One other means of guarding against fire remains to be noticed. The Chinese cities have "fire-walls," constructed of such a height as to confine a fire to the ward in which it originated. In the large cities of Japan the castle walls and moats and the canals serve a good purpose in keeping conflagrations within limits. A special feature of Japanese temples, however, is the groves or belts of tall evergreen-trees which surround them. These noble trees are purposely planted to keep the flames at bay, and to act as spark-catchers. Many a fine old temple has thus been preserved for centuries. The grand temple of Shiba, so long the ornament and glory of Yedo, and the worshiping and burial-place of the Sho-guns of the Tokugawa dynasty, though girt by the sentinel firs that had warded off all danger for nearly three centuries, could not resist the torch and oil of the incendiary, and, on the night of December 31, 1872, met the fate it had so long braved. In such a land, where fire above, and earthquakes beneath, lay the proudest works of

man to the dust, it is not remarkable that this ancient empire has scarcely a single monument of constructive art, except the colossal bronze images of Buddha, that antedates the sixteenth century. In a country singularly beautiful and rich in historic lore, the utter absence of striking ancient works of architecture is, to the traveler and the cultured foreign resident, positively painful.

WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

AN IDYL OF APRIL.

THÉ motley month of smiles and tears
With shambling gait doth come,
And eager eyes, and heedful ears,
And backward crook of thumb—

Ready, with many a furtive wile,
The way-side lout to lure,
And send him from his road a mile,
Strange nothings to procure.

And laughter in the lanes doth ring,
And from the village-school
At every wail sly urchins fling
Their cry of "April fool!"

The grassy lawns are all aglow
With dandelion-flowers,
And cowslips that in April blow,
Whether it smiles or showers.

Out in the fields hard by the town,
Where munching cattle rest,
The meadow-lark, in coat of brown,
And saffron-yellow vest,

From topmost bough of some tall tree
His vernal song doth pour,
Piping his little tune of glee
Against the railway's roar.

The robin from the orchard sings;
The jay screams from the copse,
Flitting upon his azure wings
Among the spruce-tree tops.

And, hark! the distant campanile
Bings out a merry chime,
Saluting with its bells of steel
The festive Easter-time.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

MISCELLANY.

DECREASE OF POPULATION IN FRANCE.

FRANCE is uttering a despondent wail, a groan apprehensive of future troubles, for reasons which few British heads of families would guess. She is lamenting not so much the millions transferred to German pockets as her own inadequate population. While every nation near her was obeying the law, "Increase and multiply," France has done the contrary.

But, if her area remain insufficiently populated, while all around are doubling or tripling their numbers, it is evident that France must, in the end, be invaded and overflowed, like an island sunk below the level of the sea, by surging waves of foreign population. And, even if there be no immigration of strangers, her neighbors, increasing in strength and wealth, while she remains at best at a standstill, will attain a sensible superiority.

Some French authorities account for the

deficiency of population by the desertion of the villages by agricultural laborers, who resort to large towns and industrial centres. But that tendency exists elsewhere besides in France—in countries whose population is rapidly on the increase.

Some very able men have supposed at first that the fault lay in the race. But they were soon convinced that it could not be so, by the rapid and continuous increase of the French-Canadian population.

The health and life of the working-classes in towns and industrial districts are also compromised by strikes, commercial crises, artificial wants, the dearness of provisions; but, above all, by misconduct and improvidence. The workmen who earn the highest wages seem to be those who save the least money. But this, again, is even truer, generally, of the English than of the French workmen; and yet the population of the United Kingdom is not, on that account, beginning to taper off.

Recent philosophers have endeavored to show that, without the occurrence of any grand catastrophe, apparently slight causes, acting for long-continued periods, are sufficient to produce important geological changes, and even to bring about the utter extinction of whole genera and species of animals. The moral world has its resemblances to the physical world; and it is possible to trace, among our Gallic neighbors, destructive influences arising out of institutions, from which their founders expected no more than the establishment of a social and financial equality, which experience proves to be a baseless dream.

Human nature likes to keep whole and undivided whatever it has got together by the sweat of its brow—be it the farm, the flock, the business, or the factory—and to leave it entire to its successor. French legislation, hating aristocratic fortunes, and insisting that property (without reference to its kind or quality) should be parcelled out, at the death of the proprietor, into exactly as many parcels as he leaves children (without reckoning the widow's share), pitchforks human nature out at the door. Nature returns by the window; thus:

A married couple have an only son. They look out for, and unfortunately have no difficulty in finding, another married couple of their own rank with an only daughter. They marry the only son to the only daughter; and the estate, or the shop, instead of being split into fractions, is not only kept from falling into ruins, but is buttressed up by the acquisition of other property. The young couple follow their parents' example, for they are actuated by exactly the same motives. They, too, have an only son. They give him to wife an only daughter, who presents them with an only grandchild. The young ladies, or the young gentlemen, need not be only children absolutely and in literal fact, if they are so virtually and in the practical result—circumstances which their prudent parents will ascertain and calculate beforehand. Each of them may have a couple of sisters, one of whom becomes a Sister of Charity, or a nun, while the other is in bad health, or not likely to marry; they are eventually only sons, or only daughters, as far as the family inheritance goes.

This system reduces the population among the middle classes at a rate fearful to think of, though easy to calculate. Were it universal in France, the population, like a pyramid, would finish off in a point, or a single individual—the last only child of the last couple of only children. Sometimes the will of a higher power removes the cherished only child. The parents, left childless, find their projects baffled, and the property, which was to remain unbroken, has to be distributed among cousins, nephews, or still more distant relatives.

Happily for France, there are married pairs

who, having little or nothing to divide after death, and not troubling themselves into how many atoms that nothing is splintered by the law, have, and rear, families of four or five children, to the great bewilderment of their wealthy neighbors, and so, in some measure, make up for the deficit.

But, setting aside the inheritance question, the French laws and customs relating to marriage are singularly adverse to the spread of population. At no age, not even at three-score-and-ten, no matter whether bachelor or widower, if his parents (or only one of them) be alive, can a Frenchman marry without their consent. Up to twenty-five they have an absolute veto. After that age, in case of their refusal, he can send them, through a legal and official channel, "respectful" stamped papers, which empower him, after a time, to act in opposition to their wishes.

It requires a very strong attachment to drive a young man, or a young woman, to this harsh measure—for single women sometimes employ it, as well as single men. Going to law with a parent is a repulsive idea, and is resorted to, mostly, with extreme unwillingness. But, besides the irritation and expense, it necessarily involves delay, during which may occur the proverbial slip between the cup and the lip, and the match be broken off by the objecting parties. No doubt many marriages that might be called imprudent are thus prevented; but the population—our immediate subject of consideration—is not thereby increased.—*All the Year Round.*

CHINESE MARRIAGES.

THE Chinese marriage, like the Chinese interior, again obliges me to perpetrate an Irish bull, for there is none—no actual acceptance of the relative positions of husband and wife; no formula such as, "I, Mary Gold, take you, John Quill, to be my wedded husband." The marriage, such as it is, must be what the Scotch law calls "habit and repute." The families and the medium have settled the marriage, and the parties are supposed to agree. The feasting, and dressing, and practising of lucky omens, go on for three days, when the families are rich; but, among them all (and they are extraordinarily numerous), I could find nothing like a marriage ritual ceremony. The feasting and fussing commence at the lady's house with the money which the bride-groom has sent; all sorts of furniture are then bought, and presents given, and the performance opens with a train of coolies (sometimes a hundred in number) bearing, slung on long poles, the bride's *trousseau* and household goods. These bearers, if they cannot be dressed in scarlet, must at least have hats. The procession is accompanied by that agonizing squeal of the Pandean pipe and the tom-tom.

As marriage at the end of the year seems to rise to an epidemic in China, we used to be driven nearly crazy with the music of these processions going through the streets, either with the bride's *trousseau*, or the bride herself. Yet, strange to say, this custom of carrying the bride and her belongings in procession is still in full force in many of the southern villages of France, where railways and civilization have not penetrated. The bride's friends all feast at her house; dressed in their silks and embroidered shoes, they gossip and try different oracles, such innocent, trifling games as are in vogue at Christmas, or All-Hallow's eve with us; tying up so many bundles of rice, and placing them under the bed, so many bundles of fruit over the top, and so on, with an infinity of little tricks.

The great end to be attained is male progeny, for the Chinese woman's acme of bliss, like the Jewish woman's of old, is to have been the mother of a son. Thus it is held a

disgrace not to be married; and an old maid is a thing unknown in China, unless the woman is brought up as a vestal in a convent. The second day the bridegroom sends a chair for the bride. These chairs are like small boxes with seats in them, closed all the way round, and nearly dark, except where a little light and air are admitted through the fret-work at the top. They are highly ornamented; some very beautiful ones I have seen inlaid in the richest designs with the kingfisher's feathers, bright blue, penciled out with gold.

There is a tremendous scene when the bride is torn away from her parents and family to go to the strange husband, whom she has not yet seen; their copious weeping, washing off the mauve paint and mixing it up with the white, thus forming quite a landscape of hills, rivers, and bridges; but the bride's face is now entirely concealed by a long, thick fringe hanging from her head-dress of silk, and jewels, and flowers, utterly indescribable. No doubt, when she gets inside her sentry-box, she puts on a fresh coating of mauve, or red raddle, in order to appear resplendent before her husband that is to be.

There may be a good deal of real weeping, as also much that is sympathetic; for it is an absolute fact that, if one woman sees another crying, she cannot resist shedding tears also, especially if she should touch her sorrowing friend, and attempt to console her. The bride, after many attempts, is at last secured in her chair, from which she has been constantly jumping out and rushing back into her mother's arms. She is accompanied by her brothers and male relatives, and the husband's male friends, her own *armah*, and several other female attendants (borrowed for the occasion), bringing up the rear, all accompanied by ferocious music.

Upon arriving at the husband's house she is met by his female relatives, who usually amount to as curious a combination as Artemus Ward's mothers, aunts, sisters, sisters-in-law, cousins, grandmothers, and step-nieces; in fact, it would require the Herald's College, and the Garter King-at-Arms, to trace the pedigree and relationship of any Chinese family of nobility.

When the bride is ushered into the ancestral hall, she is requested to do homage to her husband's ancestry. The bridegroom then appears, and they both make a *chiu-chin* before the altar, burn *Joas*-sticks, and sip a little of the *samschoo*, the wine placed on the altar. Still the groom cannot obtain a peep at his bride, so deeply is she laden with marriage-garments, especially over the head. After a great many more minor ceremonies, the bride is conducted by her lady friends into the bridal-chamber, where finally her husband meets her.

The bridal-chambers which I have seen resemble the sleeping arrangements already described. A twilight cabin, containing a board, with a very handsome matting, maitoy, or quilt, upon it, a matting pillow, and a box to put the lady's head into; the anterooms divided by screens, possibly Venetians, neither reaching to the top, nor yet descending to the floor, the labyrinth ending in a fish-pond. The third day there is more feasting at the husband's house, and the bride is criticised by the assembled friends, both male and female, and her chance of a male heir openly discussed, the bride meanwhile evincing the most imperturbable indifference to the gossip around her. It would puzzle Blackstone to decide in which of these ceremonies "consent to marriage" has taken place, or the Council of Trent to say when the sacrament of marriage was administered; which would go far to prove that, previous to Innocent III., marriage as a sacrament did not exist.

Here, as elsewhere, all marriages are not felicitous; and one of these turned out a very pathetic tragedy, rather than a rejoicing festi-

val. The bride had been brought to the bridegroom's house; the feminine escort had taken her in hand; but, alas! with the keen penetration of female eyes, had discovered upon her tiny, spider-like hands certain indications of the fearful disease of leprosy, when horror and wailing filled the house. The groom, unable to believe his misfortune, had torn the veil, or head-gear, from the face of the wretched girl, who was still in her early teens.

The poor girl had cried piteously for mercy and forgiveness, and the man's heart had half melted to the yearning tears of despair; but the aunt and cousins had rushed in, tearing their garments, and wringing their hands, and shrieking, in their wildly-excited way, that he must put her away, thrust her from the bridal-chamber, cite her before the ancestral tribune of the heads of the family, and divorce her at once.

The poor child clung to the handsome fretwork screen, which was to have been her bridal home, from which she was now to be expelled with ignominy. The husband strode about, sternly silent, now and then casting half-curious, half-relenting looks upon her. I believe, if it had not been for the howling of the women, the man would have yielded to pity, or something akin to it, and taken her to his heart; but now shrill, weak voice was heard calling for the bride, who instantly made a rush for the next compartment, where the mother of her husband lay dying, and on whose account the marriage had been hurried on, as it is considered unlucky not to marry before the death of the parents.

(Of course, the medium, or go-between, had practised a deception in concealing that the girl belonged to a family in which there was leprosy.)

The old mother, whose dim faculties could no longer take in the affairs of life, was still conscious that she must bless her son's wife before she died, and the latter was eager for the recognition. But it was too late. The quivering hands could not reach her, and death had already sealed the blue lips and palsied tongue. The bride was ruthlessly dragged away, while the old mother sank back never to move again, the girl shrieking wildly that she had been received by his mother.

The scene was heart-rending and hopeless. There was but one possible end to the tragedy, and that did not loiter far behind. As I afterward heard, the wretched creature, upon being taken back to her parents, had committed suicide, as the only balm to her misery. It could scarcely be regretted, as probably it was not; but her young, really interesting, face, with the unnaturally bright eyes which I have so often noticed in lepers, haunted my fancy for many a day, and the vain appeal for mercy rung in my ears.—*Viscountess Avonmore's "Travels round the World"* (London).

HEBREW LADIES AT THEIR TOILET.

The first thing that would have struck us in examining the garde-robe of a Hebrew lady, would have been the quantity of dresses. In this great age of simplicity such a thing would naturally astonish us. Hebrew women were, indeed, fond of dress, and the luxury among them manifested in the richness and variety of dresses; and the quantity of ornaments and jewelry was soon carried to such an extent that it became necessary to protest against it. There is no doubt that, as the intercourse between the Jewish and other nations increased, the ladies felt no longer satisfied with primitive simplicity. The fashions of the clever Egyptians, the elegant Phoenicians, and the luxurious Persians, were soon eagerly sought after and reproduced. Even patient Job got impatient at the dresses, and all of us have read that magnificent, bold denunciation of Isaiah, as with

withering sarcasm he denounces the "women of the period" living for nothing else but dress* and flirtation, and having but one desire, "to see and to be seen."

Now, look first at the under-garment: ketonet tunica. It was worn by men and women, but of course women had things made of the very best material. It was made of wool or linen, white or blue, now and then striped, and afterward—thanks to the Persians—of a silky material. It was worn on the naked body, and a person wearing it is often described as naked, which, in the language of the nineteenth century, means that she was *en negligé*. The Eastern dresses are all very far from being close fits, and the ketonet was at first a loose garment, without sleeves, reaching down to the knees. It is supposed that the poor wore no other dress except the ketonet.

The second article to be found in the garde-robe of wealthy people was the *sadijn*, translated fine linen in our version of the third chapter of Isaiah. I suppose that it was worn over the ketonet.

Thirdly, some ladies wore a second under-garment, a long wide tunica, with or without arms, known among the Greeks and Romans, and worn also by the Phoenicians. It was made of costly material, and richly inwoven with flowers and figures. The part around the neck was covered with ornaments, the flowers were generally of the darkest purple, and the borders were trimmed with gold and brilliant colors. Next came the girdle to keep up the dress, so much thought of among all the nations of antiquity, as I need hardly remind the readers of Homer. It was made of different materials, according to the taste, or rather the purse, of the owner. The common girdles were of leather, and very narrow. Some were of silk or gold, and ornamented with silver buckles; they were worn round the loins: women wore them lower and more loosely than men.

The last piece of clothing I shall mention is the upper garment, a long, wide mantle, with a train that would delight our Western ladies. It seems to have been originally a square piece of cloth, somewhat like a big shawl. At first it was made of camel's hair, afterward it was made of cotton. Those worn in the summer were of a light material, like our muslin, while for those in use during the winter a thicker material was generally chosen. The *simlah* was useful and ornamental. It was often used as a carpet or as a covering during the night. Hence, the law of Moses, which regulated several things—for instance, that no mixture of cotton and wool should be used in the making of materials—commanded that if a man through poverty pledged his mantle it should be restored to him after sunset. The simlah was fastened with golden pins to the shoulders, whence it fell in graceful folds over the other garments. Some of the mantles must have been splendid. In the Book of Judges the then living girls are thus described by Deborah: "A prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needle-work." "Her clothing is silk and purple," says Lemuel.

Long hair was, of course, considered a great ornament; it is said of Shulamite, "Thy hair is as a flock of goats." Once upon a time it was the fashion to let it hang down and just put a ribbon through it, which is certainly the simplest and by far the prettiest way. Afterward, when people began to make themselves "beautiful forever," they plaited their hair, curled and twisted it in all possible shapes and directions, and poured pots of oil on it or powdered it with gold-dust. Sometimes hair was curled and made up into a gigantic wreath at the back of the head; at other times the hair was rolled in

* Isaiah narrates twenty-one articles of dress.

several large curls, which were left hanging on the back. Coquettish girls, or fascinating young widows, let a little ringlet glide down gracefully across the forehead, so as to shade the eyebrows. But who can enumerate all the ways in which women try to do their hair? The Hebrew ladies copied other nations; Jezebel was an adept in dressing her hair; she dyed daily, and it was impossible to say in the morning what the color of her hair or of her face would be in the evening. The fashionable Hebrew ladies did not dye their hair; they did it up neatly, but how is more than I can tell, for it is known that they had no combs. They painted their faces, as is the fashion of the nineteenth century; their eyebrows and their nails were most ornamental. Veils were considered of great importance: no respectable woman was without them. But women were not then as closely veiled as they are at present in the East. There were several kinds of veils. There was one like a light mantle, which was worn in the way our ladies wear a fichu, and, to mention only one other kind, there was a veil fixed to the covering of the head, which fell on to the brow and then was turned backward; while another veil fixed under the eyes was let down to cover the breast.

The most splendid article of clothing was the turban, for those who could afford it. The poor people had to be satisfied with winding a piece of cloth round their head and fixing it as well as they could. The turbans were of various colors, and wound in different ways; some of them were like a high tower.

Shoes and stockings were unknown, but soles of leather were fastened with two latches. The ladies, who carried luxury into every department, and who are supposed, even in the present day, to be far from indifferent to a nice, neat boot or to elegant slippers, had their shoes, or rather sandals, and their latches, made of beautifully-colored leather; dark blue, violet, and purple, were favorite colors. Solomon admired Shulamite's shoes very much, and also the feet which wore them, for he says, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!" Round the ankles bracelets of gold or dainty silver chains and rings, with tiny silver bells, were worn. Hair-nets and head-bands were in great request. The latter were made of gold or silver, and worn under the net, extending from one ear to the other. Ear-rings were much thought of; we are told of some that weighed a thousand and seven hundred shekels of gold, and that were so large that a man could easily put his hand through them. Some of the women wore several rings with little bells attached to them. They were generally made of horn or of silver. But the most popular ring was the nose-ring. The left nostril was pierced for the purpose, and a ring made of ivory or of metal was put through it. To our Western taste this practice seems revolting and barbarous, but why it should be more so than the piercing of the ear I am at a loss to conceive.

Bracelets were generally worn on the right arm, and some of them were exceedingly large, so that they reached up to the elbow. Rings on the fingers were worn; chains of fine gold, or strings of pearls with little silver balls or small tinkling bells were worn round the neck. "Thy cheeks," said Solomon, who knew more about women than most of us do, "are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold." It was customary to attach ornaments to these chains, either with no meaning, as the crosses which our ladies wear, or to serve as amulets; such were round trees like the moon, small scent-bottles, ornaments in the shape of serpents, and little gold or silver plates on which were written words supposed to be possessed of magical power.—*A. J. Schwartz, in St. Paul's Magazine.*

EDMOND ABOUT.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

EVERY morning, about eleven o'clock, there may be seen, at a table in the Café de l'Alsace, near the garden of the Luxembourg Palace, in Paris, three men, still in the prime of life, and not distinguished either in appearance or in dress, and yet occupying some of the foremost places in the modern literature of France. The café in question is very plainly furnished, and frequented principally by the students of the old Quartier Latin; and the three above-mentioned gentlemen have remained true to it ever since they came to Paris as poor, beardless youths, little anticipating, perhaps, that they were speedily to ascend the ladder of fame. One of them is a slender little man, weighing only about one hundred pounds, and with the most uninteresting face in the world; and yet he is one of the sweetest lyrical poets, and, at the same time, most discriminating critics, France has ever produced—Louis Ratisbonne. The second, a tall, gigantic figure, with a bald head and a furrowed, swarthy countenance, striking only owing to its very small eyes—Auguste Neftzger, long the rival of the lamented Prévost-Paradol as a brilliant essayist and writer of the purest French, and now probably the best editorial journalist of Paris. The third, a fat, unwieldy man, with hardly any neck at all, and, at a distance, looking very much like the disgraced Bazaine—a resemblance which disappears, however, as soon as you get nearer to him, for Bazaine has twinkling, lustrous eyes, while this man's face is dotted only by two very dim luminaries, which are almost closed as much by the heavy eyelids, even when he reads, or looks at you, as were those of the late Louis Napoleon. The impression which he makes upon those who do not know him is that of an humble French bourgeois, which is heightened by the old-fashioned, loose, and badly-fitting clothes in which his heavy form is wrapped, and by the slowness of his speech, and disagreeable, hoarse tone of his voice. And yet this is Edmond About, the eminent novelist, and keen, incisive publicist, whose books have been translated into all civilized languages, and who, as a humorist, stands unrivaled in the present literature of France.

Edmond About's career has been one of constant ups and downs, since his eminence as a writer. While his fame has steadily grown, he has made and lost fortunes, and is believed, at the present time, to have few resources besides his magic pen, principally owing to the blindness with which he has persisted in mistaking his vocation, and has striven to excel in spheres from which his genius should shrink, while he has neglected that field for which he is eminently destined—the novel. To this very day, notwithstanding his incessant failures as such, About believes that he is the newspaper writer of France *par excellence*, and he cannot account for the unpopularity of the journals whose leading writer he has been. He devotes most of his time to the composition of editorials or magazine articles on political topics, and only in his leisure hours throws off every now and then one of those sparkling and often thrilling novelties, which are the delight of the most cultivated readers of French literature—most of these gems of French belles-lettres, which, as soon as they appeared in About's own country, have been translated into every language of Europe; and yet those whose admiration they excited by their pathos, their brilliant humor, their lucidity of style, have hardly an idea of the incredibly short space of time in which they were written.

"The King of the Mountains," a novel which has passed through numerous editions, and which the great Doré deemed worthy of

being illustrated by his magic pencil, and which Jules Janin pronounced absolutely faultless as a novel, was complete in the hands of the printer two weeks after the author had written the first line of it. "The Nose of a Notary Public," and "The Man with the Broken Ear," two books, over which the first minds of France have heartily laughed, were the work of a few days. "The Turco" is even said to have been dictated by About to his amanuensis in twenty-four hours, and "La Question Romaine" was principally written on board of a Mediterranean steamer, and on the cars between Marseilles and Paris.

Most of these works were liberally paid for by About's publishers, and a few years ago he was reputed to be quite rich. At any rate, he purchased a very valuable estate near Saverne, in Alsace, and several business houses in Paris. But the war, and the impetuosity with which he espoused the cause of Alsace in the midst of her conquerors, cost him the loss of that splendid property; and he lost the remainder of his fortune by establishing the *Soir* newspaper, which, after costing him upward of four hundred thousand francs, had to be sold some time ago for less than one-fifth of that sum.

To-day he lives with his interesting family in a very humble house in the Rue Millau, belonging to his old adversary, Emile de Girardin; and, although his health is by no means good—he suffering, like Jules Janin, very frequently from severe attacks of the gout—he is invariably in excellent spirits, and takes his reverses with the philosophical calmness and good-humor of a Voltaire. This laughing imperturbability, for which About is noted among the authors of France, is best shown by the manner in which he has always received his invariable *faucille* as a dramatist. The dramatic successes of his college-mates, Sardou and Feuillet, caused him to write a number of comedies, but few of his plays had more than one representation. One day, as he entered the Théâtre Francais in the middle of a performance which was loudly hissed by the audience, About asked his companions with mock gravity, "Are they playing here to-night one of my own pieces?"

As a politician, too, he has always been unfortunate. At every election, under the Second Empire, he was a candidate for the Corps Législatif, but he never received many votes; and he applied to President Thiers for a diplomatic mission.

"Where could we send M. About?" asked M. Thiers. "He will write a magnificent book on the country to which we accredit him as ambassador, expose its weaknesses in a masterly manner, and embroil us seriously with its government. No, he had better stay in Paris."

To the honor of About, be it said, he, notwithstanding this refusal, remained a steadfast and ardent supporter of M. Thiers.

—*Vienna Press.*

NÉLATON'S MEMOIRS.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

CHARPENTIER, the Parisian publisher, has in press a volume of letters, written by the late Dr. Nélaton, the eminent surgeon, to his daughter, Mme. Annuy, who has collected them under the title of "Journal Epistolaire d'un Médecin de Paris." These letters embrace a period of about twenty years. Several extracts from them have been published in the *Journal Bibliographique*, by which it may be predicted they will hold a conspicuous place in the epistolary literature in which France is richer than any other country. The eminent writer of these remarkable letters, in his earlier career, had considerable difficulty in keeping the wolf from his door, and, as late

as 1849, derived his principal income from drawing plates for anatomical works. His practice, at that time, was quite insignificant, and one of his first letters to his daughter, who was then a governess at Limoges, states almost triumphantly that he had received the sum of one thousand francs for setting the broken arm of M. de Morny. This was early in 1850, when M. de Morny was hardly any thing better than a political adventurer, and Louis Napoleon, his half-brother, only an impetuous President of the Republic, whom the National Assembly had just then given a negative answer to his application for an appropriation of three hundred thousand francs, so that he might be able to pay his debts. M. de Morny, however, was not ungrateful, and as he, moreover, was decidedly anxious to attach to the fortunes of the coming Napoleon men of genius, in any walk of life, he urged Dr. Nélaton to allow him to introduce him to Louis Napoleon. Of this introduction Dr. Nélaton writes to his daughter the following account:

"The prince-president was alone in the yellow-room of the Elysée when M. de Morny presented me to him. I had never seen the ruler of our republic before, and I must say I was most agreeably disappointed. Our friend F— had given me a description, from which I expected to meet a man of uncertain age, inclined to obesity, slow of speech, taciturn, and of stolid, awkward manners. What did I find? In the first place, a polished courtier and a most pleasant conversationalist. His appearance, it is true, was not prepossessing, and there was assuredly nothing Napoleonic in the cast of his face, but his smile was very gracious, and, for the first time, I could account, in speaking with him, for the magnetic influence he exercises over those who are brought into intimate contact with him. The only thing which chilled me, while conversing with him, was the somewhat lurking expression of his eyes. Sometimes, while listening to me, he closed them almost entirely; but I noticed that he watched me through the small aperture left between the eyelids with scrutinizing keenness. He complained of his health, and playfully caused me to take a diagnosis of his case. 'Am I in danger of getting the dropsy?' he asked me, with a serio-comical air. I put the usual questions to him, and then declared that I could not find any thing to justify any such apprehension. 'Corviaart tells me the same thing,' he exclaimed, evidently gratified; 'but other physicians in England have told me the reverse. Well, my dear doctor, if I break a leg or an arm, like De Morny, you must attend to me!' We shook hands, laughing heartily. Then he invited me to attend his next Thursday's reception, and made me promise to come and see him whenever I wanted him to do me a favor. I was agreeably impressed with the prince. How falsely have the people, and especially the press, judged him! I must be terribly mistaken if he is not a very able man. He seemed to pay the utmost deference to M. de Morny, who is really a charming gentleman. This acquaintance may, perhaps, do me a great deal of good. This morning's *Moniteur*, greatly to my surprise, contained a brief account of my visit to the prince-president. Will you believe that two gentlemen have already called upon me to scold me for having gone to see the prince? In Paris, the president is certainly very unpopular."

Another letter gives Dr. Nélaton's first impressions of the Empress Eugénie:

"I pitied the poor lady, for the strain upon her nerves during these weary hours of the gala reception must have been excessive. She is very agreeable and vivacious, but it is easy to see that she can frown very unpleasantly. Her smile was very forced at times, and I could discern her impatience underneath. The great of this earth have certainly

to pay very dearly for the power they wield. The emperor seemed to bear the fatigue and worry very well. He had a few pleasant words for everybody. You want to know what he said to me?

"*Mon cher docteur, I am glad not to have needed your assistance thus far;*" he said.

"I answered with a profound bow.

"*And what did the emperor say?*" you will ask. Hear it then:

"*On m'a parlé beaucoup de vous, Monsieur le Docteur.*"

"I bowed still more profoundly. In an adjoining room I met Prince Joachim Murat. If his illustrious grandfather looked like him, he must have cut a Falstaffian figure on horseback. Prince Joachim played and cracked jokes upon everybody. He said he would dearly love to have the gas turned off. He seems to be entirely unfitted for the rôle of a courtier."

We will close our extracts from the letters of the eminent surgeon by describing his interview with Garibaldi, after the latter had been wounded at Aspromonte. He writes about this remarkable meeting to his daughter from the sick-room in which he had examined the wound of the great Italian revolutionist:

"Garibaldi is the very incarnation of gentleness. He speaks in a soft, melodious voice, and I am at a loss to understand how he can be a fierce and intrepid leader in battle. But, intellectually, he does not stand very high in my opinion, although appearances are frequently, in regard to that very point, exceedingly deceptive. He bears his intense pain most stoically, and is profuse in his protestations of gratitude for my having come to him. This visit has offended a great many friends of mine, but I was in duty bound to make it, and, besides, I am quite sure it will not hurt me much in the long-run. Garibaldi's son, Menotti, is much handsomer than his father, but there is something feminine in his bearing, while his sister Teresa, although decidedly unprepossessing in appearance, has something masculine in her ways. They are all very good people, and I do not regret having made their acquaintance...."

THE GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

Next to Pope Pius IX., there is unquestionably no dignitary in the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church more influential than Father Johannes Beckx, the General of the Society of Jesus; and for this reason the people of Rome call the Holy Father "the White Pope," and General Beckx "the Black Pope." The enormous ramifications of the order founded by Ignatius Loyola, which extend over every part of the globe, all converge into the hands of this one man; his subtle brain directs all its movements, his iron will is an inexorable law to his numerous subordinates.

Probably at no time since the fall of Napoleon I. have the Jesuits exercised as powerful an influence at the Vatican as in the last few years, and this state of affairs is due, in great part, to the extraordinary firmness and shrewdness of the general of the order. He is a profound scholar, an excellent organizer, a brilliant and trenchant polemical writer, and endowed with rare executive talents. At the same time, notwithstanding his advanced age, owing to an exceptionally vigorous constitution and a life of abstemiousness, he enjoys excellent health, and bids fair to live for many years longer.

This remarkable man was born on the 6th of February, 1795, at Sichem, in Belgium. His father, a poor grocer, died when his son John was very young, and his mother had to

sow and wash in order to bring up her five sons, of whom Johannes was the youngest. The child was apprenticed, in his ninth year, to a sign-painter, but that trade was so little to the taste of young Beckx, that he returned to his mother's house, and for a time sang as an acolyte in the small church at Sichem. The pastor of that church took an interest in the bright little boy, and promised to take care of him if his mother would allow him to become a priest. She consented joyfully, and the young pupil began thenceforth to make rapid progress in his classical and religious studies. In his thirteenth year he was so familiar with the ancient languages that he was able to converse fluently in Latin, and could read the most difficult Greek authors and the Hebrew Bible without the aid of a dictionary. As early as his fifteenth year he was sent to the University of Louvain, and two years later to the seminary at Malines. At Malines, in his nineteenth year, he held a public debate with an adherent of Lamennais, and conducted his argument so skillfully that the archbishop of the diocese recommended him to the pope as the most gifted young Catholic student in the Netherlands.

The pope sent him to the diocese of Hildesheim, in Hanover, and there Johannes Beckx, in 1819, joined the Society of Jesus. Thenceforth he bent all his energies to promote the interests of his order, and already, two years later, he accomplished a feat which, for a long time to come, gave an entirely new direction to the efforts and tendencies of the Jesuits. It was in 1822 when young Father Beckx succeeded in persuading the Duke of Anhalt-Köthen to abjure the creed of his ancestors, and turn Catholic. For long years no sovereign prince of Europe had taken such a step, and, in Beckx's skillful hands, the new convert became a most valuable instrument for appealing to his brother sovereigns in Germany to adopt the same course. Some of them were almost ready to do so, when King Frederick William III. of Prussia, the father of the present Emperor William I., emphatically declared his opposition to such tendencies. Father Beckx thenceforth became a bitter adversary of the king, and he devoted his attention, in the next few years, to render untenable the positions of the bishops in Prussia, who refused to be guided blindly by the Jesuits; and he compelled the most eminent of these prelates, the Bishop of Breslau, Count Sedlnitzky, to abdicate.

His services were rewarded by more and more important missions. Pope Gregory XVI. wanted him to settle permanently in Rome, but Father Beckx preferred to remain a traveling Jesuit, and in this capacity he traversed nearly the whole Continent, preaching everywhere, and exciting general astonishment, not only by his extraordinary eloquence, but also by the facility and fluency with which he spoke nearly all the languages of cultivated Europe.

In 1847 he was appointed Procurator of the Jesuits for Austria, but was driven from Vienna in March, 1848, as a friend of Prince Metternich. He went to Rome, and thereupon took charge of the Jesuit College at Louvain.

In 1852 he received the appointment of "Provincial" of his order for Hungary; and, in this capacity, induced Count Loo Thun to conclude the famous Concordat between Austria and the Holy See. In the following year, Father Beckx was elected General of the Jesuits, as a successor to General Roothan, and he took up his residence in Rome. His ceaseless activity soon became proverbial in the Eternal City. One of the first steps of his official career in his new dignity was to establish the *Civiltà Cattolica*, a journal which at once became the authorita-

tive exponent of the ideas and aspirations of the Jesuits and the Vatican.

Last year Father Beckx, in consequence of the sequestration of the property of his order, left Rome, and temporarily settled in Florence. His intention, however, is to transfer the headquarters of the order to Belgium, and he long ago advocated the removal of the Holy See to the same country.

WINTERHALTER'S ARTISTIC REMAINS.

WINTERHALTER, the painter, who died a few months ago at Frankfort, added to his will, which he wrote only a few days prior to his death, a secret clause in his own hand, to the following effect: That the twelve large paintings, contained in six boxes, to be found in two rooms of his house, from which even the members of his own family had been sedulously excluded, should not be given to the public until fifty years after his death. This curious disposition of his artistic remains was made by the deceased painter because, as he says, he wants to have his position and fame established without fear or favor in the world of art. "Many painters are praised to the skies," he writes, "during their lifetime, and yet several years after they have passed away few will care to look at the works they have left. Especially is this the case with those painters who enjoy the favor of kings and emperors. It is unjust that they should be made to suffer for it. To my own lot has it fallen to be treated with extreme kindness by such exalted personages. Should I be on that account denied the position in art for which I have striven so long and zealously?" Winterhalter's heirs, however, were dissatisfied with this curious clause in his will, and they appealed to the courts to have it set aside, on the ground that, in making it, the testator was not in his right mind. The Frankfort tribunals decided the suit, with remarkable celerity, in favor of the heirs, and, in consequence, the above-mentioned boxes were opened at Winterhalter's house, in Frankfort, on the 12th of February.

The art-critic of the *Frankfort Gazette* describes this interesting event as follows: "None of Winterhalter's heirs were present; only their lawyers, two court officials, and the writer of this, besides a servant, armed with a hatchet and Jimmy. In the first room we found three boxes, eight by twelve feet, a size very frequently chosen by Winterhalter. The boxes had been most carefully nailed, and it took the servant upward of fifteen minutes to remove the lid. When the painting was at last brought to light, it was found to be a portrait of Prince Clement Metternich, as he was walking in his splendid garden at Johannisberg. On a piece of parchment, stuck into the left corner of the painting, were found the words, written in Winterhalter's own hand: 'I painted this portrait in 1858. I was so pleased with it that I resolved to keep it.' In the two other boxes were found battle-scenes, from the Austro-German War of 1866—both very fine and spirited, the leading figures being evidently portraits. In the nine boxes in the adjoining room were found four landscapes, two female portraits, and three flower-pieces. One of the portraits was that of Mme. Pauline Viardot Garcia, of whom Winterhalter was a great admirer; the other was that of Queen Caroline of England, painted from a porcelain miniature now at the Art Museum in Brunswick. What could have induced the great master to paint this unfortunate queen? The portrait represents her as leaning her head on her left hand, and there is an exquisite, profoundly touching expression of gentle sadness in her fine, large eyes. This is certainly a great masterpiece, and we burst into ex-

clamations of admiration as we first caught sight of it. I doubt that Winterhalter has ever done any thing better. This portrait was painted in 1869, and is certain to create a great sensation. The flower-pieces seemed to me inferior productions; but it is a well-known fact that Winterhalter believed he could do them better than any thing else. How many men of genius do not think that they are better fitted for any thing else than that for which Providence has destined them! As for the landscapes, two are views of the Isle of Wight, which Winterhalter often declared to be the most enchanting spot on earth. I hardly venture to pass an opinion upon their value, as they require a more thorough examination. But one thing is sure, that the remaining two, 'Stubbenkammer, on the Island of Rügen,' and 'The Taunus Valley,' are capital pieces of landscape-work. The heirs of Winterhalter have not yet decided what course to adopt in regard to the disposition to be made of these treasures. The 'Metternich' will undoubtedly be sold to the family of the deceased arch-chancellor. The battle-pieces are rather favorable to the Prussian troops, and hence they will hardly find purchasers in Vienna. Public inspection of these paintings will not be permitted for some time to come."

THE STRAPPADO.

In his admirable work on the middle ages, M. Paul Lacroix mentions several modes of execution the cruelty of which makes us shudder. The condemned were subjected to unheard-of tortures, depending upon the caprice of the magistrates and the executioners. For example, they placed boiling-hot eggs under their victims' arms, attached burning wax-candles to their hands, ran thorns and sharp fish-bones into the flesh, etc.

One can easily comprehend, in the presence of such refined cruelty, that hanging should sometimes be considered a veritable favor. It was a real mercy, in fact, to be put to death quickly, without first being compelled to suffer the tortures invented by the diseased imaginations of the official butchers. This explains, in a measure at least, an engraving of 1490, which represents a hanging accompanied by music. A murderer, sentenced to die by the cord, obtained permission, it would seem, to be accompanied to the place of execution by one of his friends, who played the bag-pipe, not only on the way thither, but even on the gallows itself. The condemned man expiated his crime, therefore, to the joyous sounds of his favorite instrument, thanking his stars, no doubt, that he got off so cheaply.

Indeed, he might have been condemned, in common with so many others, to be put to death by some of the barbarous modes of execution then practised—the strappado, for example, which was one of the more revolting. The accused, half nude, had his hands tied behind him with small cord, which two men, one at each end, drew as tightly as their strength would admit. Another and somewhat larger cord was tied under the victim's arm, while the other end was passed up over a grooved wheel and then down to a windlass. At the feet of the subject a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds was attached.

At his command, the magistrate's aids turned the windlass, raising the victim up to the ceiling of the room, then they let him fall, a foot or so at a time, until he reached the floor. Each shock, which generally resulted in dislocating the arm, of course, added to the wretch's agony.

This terrible torture was practised for a long time at Orleans, France. What made it

still more horrible than it perhaps otherwise would have been was the fact that, not only those who had been tried and found guilty, but the accused also, were subjected to it. It was called the *question extraordinaire*. Singular mode of interrogating people, certainly! It was the duty of the magistrate, before whom the case had been brought, to be present at the savage ceremony, and listen to the confession the unfortunate, innocent or guilty, was compelled to make. When the clerk had taken every thing down, the accused, more dead than alive, was unbound. The prelude was now terminated, and it only remained, if the subject was already condemned, to end his agony, which was usually done by decapitation; but, as we have intimated, the condition of the subject, after having been submitted to the tortures of the strappado, was such that death was a boon.

The physical suffering we have described was not always the only suffering the accused was compelled to endure. In a manual for the use of the magistrates of those times, written by one Damhoudre, they are strongly advised, when the torture is to be applied to several persons, to begin with those who are most likely to confess. If a father and son, for example, were to be subjected to the torture, the man recommends the torturing of the son first; for, says the writer, "the father will feel for the son more keenly than for himself."

THE SICK MAN AND THE BIRDS.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

ÆGROTTUS.

Spring! art thou come, O Spring?
I am too sick for words—
How hast thou heart to sing,
O Spring, with all thy birds?

MESUBLA.

I sing for joy to see again
The merry leaves along the lane,
The little bud grown ripe;
And look, my love, upon the bough
Hark, how she calleth to me now—
"Pipe! pipe!"

ÆGROTTUS.

Ah! weary is the sun:
Love is an idle thing;
But, bird, thou restless one,
What ails thee, wandering?

HIRUNDO.

By shore and sea I come and go,
To seek I know not what; and lo!
On no man's eaves I sit
But voices bid me rise once more,
To flit again by sea and shore—
"Flit! flit! flit!"

ÆGROTTUS.

This is earth's bitter cup:
Only to seek, not know.
But thou, that artisest up,
Why dost thou carol so?

ALAUDA.

A secret spirit giveth me
With song, and wing that lifteth me—
A spirit, for whose sake,
Striving amain to reach the sky,
Still to the old, dark earth I cry,
"Wake! wake!"

ÆGROTTUS.

My hope hath lost its wing.
Thou, that to night dost call,
How hast thou heart to sing
Thy tears made musical?

PHILOMELA.

Alas for me! a dry desire
Is all my song—waste of fire
That will not fade nor fail;
To me, dim shapes of ancient crime
Moan through the windy ways of time,
"Wail! wail!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE proposal to burn the human body after death, instead of burying it, seems to have a great fascination for many minds. It might have been supposed that Sir Henry Thompson's recent paper on cremation would have been soon dismissed from public attention as nothing more than the wild scheme of a scientific enthusiast; but we find the question gravely debated in many quarters, and it is even proposed to form associations of persons pledged to provide for this method of disposing of their remains after death.

There is so little likelihood of cremation becoming an institution in modern civilization, that it may seem unnecessary to discuss the proposition; but, as we have already said, there is a latent fascination in it—such a fascination as we sometimes feel for deadly and even repulsive things; and for this reason it may be worth while to consider the arguments that are advanced in its behalf.

All that is said about crowded churchyards is no doubt true. The necessity of stopping the burying of bodies within the precincts of large cities has long been recognized and very generally acted upon. Graveyards, fat with the decomposed constituents of ancient citizens, the emanations of which vitiate the air, the water flowing from which poisons the wells and cisterns of the neighborhood, are already numbered among the things that were. We have discovered how to suitably bury our dead in rural cemeteries, under conditions that insure the entire safety of the living. By means of ample space and deep interments no evil effects are traceable; nor is it at all likely that these cemeteries will ever become filled with remains faster than Nature is capable of resolving them into their elements.

And, were it true that cemeteries are inadequate for the secure disposal of the generations to come, the decomposition of bodies might readily be hastened by the aid of chemicals—and this process, going on out of sight, just as decay does now, would in no way shock the sensibilities of surviving friends.

The extent and beauty of our rural cemeteries; the opportunities they afford for graceful mementos to the dead, so consoling to the pious hearts of the living; the assurance of their being undisturbed under all ordinary vicissitudes; their beauty as places of rural retreat and meditation—these circumstances, united with the sentiment which cherishes the place where our lost loved ones lie, render our cemeteries very dear to the people; and it must be a great revulsion of feeling, an amazing social revolution, that would lead a community to abandon them for the uncertain advantages of cremation.

Inasmuch as rural cemeteries are, as everybody believes, entirely healthful, there re-

mains only one other argument in behalf of cremation, and this is purely one of scientific economy. Sir Henry Thompson thinks that, having taken from Mother Earth certain of her salts and phosphates, we ought to be willing to return them in such a manner as to render them serviceable to future generations. That is, in plain terms, we ought to be willing to make ourselves useful after death as manure. In the interest of mankind, we ought to feel no repugnance to the ultimate conversion of our bones and sinews into turnips or other vegetable products; we should feel no disgust in tracing "the noble dust of Alexander till we find it stopping a bung-hole!" Our ancestors contributed to their descendants fat graveyards and typhus fever; we are invited to use more forethought by rendering our bones economically useful to our successors. How this is to be accomplished by scientific chemical cremation, as proposed, is not so evident. Chemically-consumed bodies would not be destroyed—for the destruction of matter is impossible—but the ashes of these bodies would in part be cherished in urns, and hence remain more strictly unutilized than now, and the rest would be too scattered for any direct benefit. If we really ought to enrich the soil after death, there is a very simple process by which it may be accomplished. "Let us be buried in the meadows, in the wheat-fields, under the vines, in the orchards—we thus may bloom into succulent grasses, into odorous clover, into nourishing grain, into the delicately-flavored pippin, into the purple-tinted grape!"

The economy that would fain utilize our bones after death is singularly thoughtless about our uses in this direction while living. To cast the last of mortality into the manure-heap for profit's sake, and yet to waste in our sewers the emanations of our living bodies, to pour into the sea treasures of reproductive forces, which in utilizing no violence would be done to prejudice or feeling, is, at the best, strained economy. Until we have arrested this tremendous waste, until we have turned to good account the abundance of material at hand, we may forego the temptation of enriching our gardens with the bones of our friends, and continue to deposit them in honorable security, to plant with flowers the sod which covers them, to erect pious tablets commemorative of their virtues, to rest in the quiet assurance that, while decay goes on in the dark depths of the grave, Nature yet works kindly, taking to her bosom that which she had yielded, by processes that imply no dishonor.

— The Marquis of Salisbury, whom Mr. Disraeli has selected to preside over the administration of India, is in some respects the most striking and notable figure in English public life. He is Toryism incarnate; the representative, and it might be said the impersonated type, of ideas which once ruled

paramount in England, but which are now vain and shadowy phantasms of a dead past. He fills a certain place in politics and political literature which no other living statesman fills or could fill. His thoughts and sensations dwell in the regions of the past, yet he is an undoubted power in the present. An average mind, with his opinions, would never have acquired the influence to be a judge of county sessions, much less a minister of state.

It cannot be said of Lord Salisbury that either his rank, his wealth, or his opinions, by themselves, could have given him the authority which he undoubtedly possesses. Grim, cynical, using a sarcastic power which has little of consideration and as little good-nature in it—certainly his personal attractions are not such as to win him the intimacy of party chiefs, or the attachment of the party rank and file.

No one can question that he is a man of great, even of transcendent ability. The descendant of the long and almost continuously distinguished line of the Cecils, he is probably the most brilliant, if not the wisest and most sagacious, of them all. He has not, to be sure, the profound solemnity of Burleigh, or the skill, in dealing with men, of Sir Robert Cecil; but he has a mind far more restless, searching, and keen, and a tongue and pen far more effectively eloquent than either. In Lord Salisbury the Cecils seem to have bequeathed to the present irreverent generation a lonely but stalwart personified protest against the Niagara current of modern politics, away from the feudal landmarks toward those of democracy.

The two qualities of brilliant intellectual power, and of a proud sincerity of conviction which utterly despises selfish prudence or expediency, give Lord Salisbury his position of eminence in an age which has rejected his opinions finally and forever. He has sacrificed high office, because he could not consent to open the floodgate of household suffrage. From his point of view, to give householders a vote is morally wrong as well as politically suicidal. The lower classes had no right to the suffrage, and were not fit to receive it as a privilege. The true rulers of England are the aristocracy; trade is plebeian; free trade was a vital democratic error; church disestablishment is sacrilege; tenant-right is confiscation. Such are some of his sincere beliefs.

Lord Salisbury has as much faith in the divine right of the nobles to govern England, as William of Germany has in his right to reign despotically at Berlin. "He is a political Prometheus," says the able author of "Political Portraits," "whose breast the radical vulture tears, an Ajax defying the lightning, an Ixion on his wheel—any thing which symbolizes defiance and resistance to a power with which it is vain to contend." He compares him to Enoch Arden on his desert

island, "a shipwrecked sailor waiting for a sail; no sail from day to day."

Thus Lord Salisbury stands, in a manner, alone and apart even among his political allies—for allies Disraeli and Derby are, but by no means political friends. In his haughty solitude of thought, he grimly watches, with a cynical determination never to yield, the advancing tide which is finally to engulf him and such as he in the democratic maelstrom. He has all the elements of a political hero and martyr; but he lives in a deplorably commonplace age, when the only martyrs are the people who insist on making martyrs of themselves.

Yet it is curious to observe how this proud and powerful noble, the heir of a majestic name and historic title, the possessor of vast estates and splendid castles, the embodiment of the old feudalism, partaking scarcely at all of the spirit of the age, is urged by intellectual force and unresting activity to play a prominent part in it. And, otherwise than in respect of his political philosophy, he is admirably fitted for a busy, stirring, and intellectually vigorous time. He is the most trenchant political writer since Junius. Those who have read his articles in the *London Quarterly*, particularly the last one, on "The Programme of the Radicals," need not be told that his style is full of immense force as well as purity and lucidness; that he is an unrivaled master of every logical and rhetorical weapon, and that in irony and satire he is unequalled by any living controversialist.

Not only this: he is an admirable practical administrator. During his brief former tenure of the Indian office, he betrayed vigor, skill, and judgment, and made not only a successful but a brilliant minister; and his recent restoration to that high office was applauded by his bitterest political foes. He will deal wisely and boldly with the Bengal famine, and would figure well were he to become the Viceroy of India. As a despot, he would perhaps be a great and successful ruler, and not an unkindly one.

But, except in one not very probable contingency, he never can hope to be an effective leader of men. "In conceivable but almost impossible circumstances," says the writer already quoted, "he might be the chief of a counter-revolution." In an "uprising of the moneyed and aristocratic class against radical demands, his Quixotism might turn into Bayardism." Were the Church and the land really threatened by the "mob," Lord Salisbury might become a Prometheus of "Old" England in another sense than that of the quoted comparison, and communicate for a moment the bright spark of a long-smothered but still-burning enthusiasm, to a momentarily revived though hopeless cause, and lead a crusade for "the altar and the throne," which, while vain, would not fail for want of courage and the spirit of self-sacrifice.

— An esteemed correspondent sends us the following:

"The act of Parliament, passed in the last session, by virtue of which the Board of Works are empowered to purchase Northumberland House, contains a clause which proves that the labors of Messrs. Ruskin & Co. have not been entirely wasted. This clause is to the effect that 'the architectural elevations of all buildings to be erected under this act, fronting any street to be made, are to be submitted by the board to the consideration of the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects, before the commencement of any such buildings.' In this way some safeguard is afforded against the public's eye being needlessly shocked by such awful and wonderful structures as those which excite the scorn and derision of every intelligent foreigner whose misfortune it is to pass through Union Square, New York. We believe that no other metropolitan centre in the world presents in the same space so many hideousities in architecture. The clause which we have referred to was inserted in the English act through the energy of certain friends to art. Cannot such gentlemen as Mr. Taylor Johnson and others bestir themselves in a similar direction here? By 'much worrying,' a good deal may be done even at Albany; and the men who prevent this city's being further disgraced would deserve well not only of their fellow-citizens, but fellow-countrymen, for every one comes to New York."

No doubt, a good deal of our architecture is all that our correspondent describes, but we very much question whether the interposition of government commissioners would sensibly mend matters. If New-York architecture is very bad, the Washington sculpture is much worse; and these "hideousities" have come into the world under the special care of congressional committees. It is necessary in our country to keep government out of affairs as much as possible. Whatever it touches, it either blunders at or derives from it fresh opportunity for political manipulation. Nor is it possible to develop an architecture in advance of public taste. A political commission on architecture would be quite as apt to confirm bad styles as to promote good ones. Even if it succeeded in repressing a few eccentricities, it would be likely in its conventional spirit to cast our architecture into a mould repressing all fresh ideas and all inventive genius. We imagine the only thing that can be done in the matter is to labor to create a sound public opinion. In church architecture the influence of a few minds and some good examples have been very beneficial. It is possible to accomplish much in the same way in behalf of secular architecture. Art-feeling is growing with us rapidly. It is a good sign that some of the abominations in Union Square are utterly without defenders; and it is a satisfaction to know that, in one instance on this square, an extravagant deformity is so far a business failure that it stands as a warning to all other over-ambitious but uncultivated builders.

— The subjoined, from a contributor, will be seen to have an indirect bearing upon the present liquor discussion. Cheap amusements, in which both men and women can unite, would have a very salutary influence upon many people, keeping men from the public-house, and relieving women of the sometimes tiresome sameness of their apartments:

"The London *Daily Telegraph*, which is ever on the alert to find topics interesting to that huge middle class of which it is more especially the repre-

sentative, gave great space, some time ago, to the ventilation of the cheap-marriage question, and subsequently devoted yards of its columns to the discussion of matrimonial infidelity. The correspondence which poured in on this fertile theme went far to prove that an immense number of persons found their married life terribly uncongenial; and a principal cause of dissatisfaction with many seemed to be the dull monotony of their lives. What these people especially need are cheap amusements. This is the secret of the enormous success of the music-halls which have sprung up in London and the great provincial cities in such amazing numbers of late; but they supply the want of the lower middle rather than the middle class. The same sort of want, leading to the same result of matrimonial dissatisfaction, is, we suspect, often experienced in our own cities. Young people marry, and go to live in lodgings or in a stuffy little house, who have been accustomed to spend their evenings in a joyous family circle, or in a constant round of evening visiting. After the first month or two is over, they begin to find their evening *tête-à-tête*, which was nice enough for the first three weeks, a trifle dull; and it is well if there are not frequent and protracted absences on the part of the gentleman, whose evening business engagements somehow seem to have multiplied marvelously since his marriage. Occasionally he takes his wife to the theatre; but to many a young couple three dollars are no light consideration, and to entertain at home is out of the question. It seems a great pity that we cannot meet this difficulty more after the German fashion. Every one who has spent a pleasant evening at the West-End Hall, at Munich, listening to the delicious strains of Gungl's band, must have felt what a boon the place must be to such as could not afford to entertain, and were yet able, in this way, to secure both music and society. There you may see ladies seated around the tables with their work, and chatting with their friends in the intervals of the music; and toward the close of the evening supper-parties are made up, everybody, as a matter of course, contributing his share. It is difficult to conceive a more sensible and rational way of taking pleasure. We have yet to learn how to enjoy ourselves at once thoroughly and cheaply, notwithstanding that we have before us the example of our Teutonic fellow-citizens."

— Some revelations about American sculptors in Italy, by which it would seem that much of what is called American art is solely and exclusively the production of Italian workmen, have elicited several communications to the press. One to the *Nation*, from Mr. C. E. Norton, has the following passage:

"Of all wearisome cant, the cant about American art and artists is perhaps the most wearisome. The truth is that painting and sculpture, as practised by many of their American professors, are, at their best, a very poor adjunct to the work of the upholsterer and decorator, and at their worst a means of livelihood for idle and pretentious sharpers, who make their gains out of the ignorance and simplicity of an easily-deluded public. That the life of the so-called artist is easy and his gains considerable is shown by the brisk competition in the business."

So far as these remarks apply to American artists in Italy, we have nothing to say. The advantages of sending artists to Italy we have long questioned, and the influence of Italian art upon American we have long deplored. But the painters at home who essay to reproduce for us American scenery and character are for the most part very far from being indelible under Mr. Norton's charges. There are exceptions; but, as a class, American painters of reputation are men singularly true to their mission—honest in purpose, laborious in the pursuit of their aims, free from trickery, and animated by a very earnest desire to lift art to its highest plane. Nothing do these simple-minded men abhor so

much as falsehood in art; and next to this is their detestation of art employed as upholstery or for mere decoration. They have evinced no considerable power except in the direction of landscape—but in landscape they have learned to ignore schools, and to study Nature purely and simply. No workers in any direction show greater fidelity to principle.

— Figures, which never lie, have the most remarkable capacity for misleading of any mundane thing. Here is an instance of what utterly false impressions may be derived from true figures. It was stated recently that, during the months of January and February last, 30,774 persons were lodged in the New-York station-houses. This exhibit of pauperism may well have astonished every reader, but an analysis of the facts gives quite a different color to the statement. Of these 30,774 persons, 22,569 were habituals, and 8,214 casuals. Now, each one of the habituals is lodged in some of the station-houses every night, so that instead of over 22,000 half-starved wretches, as the record would appear to show, there was really this number of applications for lodgings, but the number of persons so applying was inside of 400. This gives a somewhat different picture, it must be confessed. The casuals also report themselves at different station-houses, and, although the reduction here is not so marked, the number of persons is considerably less than 8,214. We think the method of giving statistics of this character erroneous. We find, for instance, railroad companies and ferry companies saying how many million people they have carried within a certain period, instead of saying how many fares. In the pauper records we have quoted, the term should have been so many applications, not so many persons.

Certain correspondents who have censured our article in the number of March 14th, in regard to the responsibility of women for the intemperance of men, as being one-sided, have failed to notice that we were intentionally giving a one-sided consideration of the question. Inasmuch as women had taken very extraordinary measures for the suppression of the liquor-traffic, and were excused for so doing on the ground that wives and mothers are peculiarly sufferers from intemperance among men, we raised the issue as to what these loud complainers had done within their legitimate influence to prevent the evils deplored—not what other people had left undone, but what they specially had left undone. We said: "The question now before us is this: how far are women responsible for the dissipated courses of men?" Our indictment was drawn up against the women because the women are in court, so to speak, as complainants and accusers. It is quite true that a very formidable argument might be made of men as regards neglect of domestic duties; and when we find men declaiming about women's extravagance, lamenting their fashionable frivolities, etc., we then demand to know of these masculine accusers as to their extravagance, their frivolities, their peculiar sins, the exercise of their legitimate influence to prevent the things

they complain of. One-sidedness is sometimes a necessary feature in an argument.

— A correspondent at Orange, New Jersey, sends us the following:

"Permit me to point out an oversight in this week's JOURNAL. You mention De Musset as one of the eminent Frenchmen who have not been members of the Academy. He was elected, and took his seat on May 27, 1832. You will find his 'Discours de Reception,' p. 281, vol. ix., of Charpentier's edition of his works, Paris, 1867.

"A propos to which there is another anecdote of Piron. He suggested the abolition of the reception-speech and the response thereto, proposing instead that the newly-elected member should take his seat after saying:

"'Messieurs, je vous remercie!' To which the academicians, rising, should reply:

"'Monsieur, il n'y a pas de quoi!'"

Literary.

ON the title-page of "Fables in Song," the familiar name of Owen Meredith is Owen Meredith no longer, but transformed into Robert Lord Lytton, author of "Poems by Owen Meredith," "Lucille," etc. The transformation extends only to the name, however, and the author of "Fables in Song" is, in all things save the motive which underlies the newer volume, identical with the author of the early poems. There is the same nimbleness of fancy and poverty of imagination, the same facility of production and occasional happinesses of expression, the same contempt for rhyme and regular metres, and the same tendency to endow small things and commonplace incidents with the most majestic and impressive attributes. This latter characteristic is, in reality, the key-note of the present volume, though its ostensible aim is to recall the Muse from the "things metaphysical," over which modern poets have so long compelled her to pore, and bring her again to the questioning of

"Bees that hover, and blossoms that hum;
The beast of the field, or the stall;
The trees, leaves, rushes, and grasses;
The rivulet, running away;
The bird of the air, as it passes;
Or the mountain that motionless stay;
And yet whose irremovable mass;
Keep changing, as dreams do, all day."

It is these that form the subject of all the "Fables;" and the various lessons which they teach to the contemplative mind are drawn out, sometimes with real force and suggestiveness, occasionally with true imaginative insight, and always with a certain picturesque readiness and plausibility. At the same time, the "Fables" impress us as being, on the whole, rather ingenuous and amusing than enjoyable (where they are not dull), and as exhibiting rather a familiarity with the outer aspects of Nature, and with what has been said about her in books, than genuine communion with her spirit. A single sentence of Wordsworth's is oftentimes more illuminating than Lord Lytton's most elaborate "studies;" and, as mere description, Tennyson's couplet—

"The murmur of immemorial elms,
And hum of innumerable bees"—

makes a more perfect and complete impression on the mind than any entire poem in the present volume—though this line—

"The chill wind chattering on the rainy wold"—from a fable entitled "The Misanthrope," is very good. Unless Lord Lytton produces something better in the future than these "Fables," we should say that he will hardly add any thing

to the reputation of "Owen Meredith." For ourselves, notwithstanding the evident pains which he has been at to provide our present entertainment, we confess to a decided preference for the poetry of his younger days, when he was not the professed exemplar of his fellow-poets; when, in fact, he was doubtful whether he had any thing to say which the world would think worth listening to.

Whatever curiosity the public may feel regarding Mr. Greeley's private life, or that of the two young daughters whom he left behind him, will be amply satisfied by Miss Cecilia Cleveland's "Story of a Summer; or, Journal Leaves from Chappaqua." It may be doubted whether the public had the right, even if it had the desire, to have the veil of privacy lifted aside so frankly as is done in this volume; but, be that as it may, no question that friendship or curiosity could suggest is left unanswered, or answered with any thing of reserve. Miss Cleveland is a cousin of the Misses Greeley, and a member of their most intimate family circle; and her journal not only describes the farm at Chappaqua, its surroundings, the houses that are upon it, the things that the houses contain, the way in which Mr. Greeley was accustomed to spend his hours of leisure, the books and works of art that he had collected around him, and the loveliness of his character on its domestic side; but sketches in detail every member of the present home circle, their personal appearance, their musical, literary, and artistic tastes, their daily habits, their personal experiences and aspirations, and describes what they read, what they eat, what they wear, what is becoming to them, whom they visit, and who visits them. No nook or corner of the family life is left unilluminated; and, as the name of whoever comes upon the scene is put down in every case, the book fairly brims over with the kind of interest which attaches to genuine personal gossip. The only portions of the journal that have any permanent value are those in which Mr. Greeley's sister, Mrs. Cleveland, recalls the incidents of his early life, and explains the family circumstances and characteristics, and the social surroundings of his early years. These reminiscences throw some really new light upon the first thirty years of the great editor's life, and will go far toward dispelling the illusions that have been so industriously built up by campaign biographies and newspaper commentators. As to the style of the book, it would be unfair, perhaps, to apply critical standards to a composition which claims to be nothing more than the hasty records of a private journal. It is lively enough and entertaining enough; if for no other reason, because of the author's good-natured and harmless egotism, and her frank confidence that the world will feel interested in whatever she chooses to disclose.

The reader will recollect, perhaps, that, in the brief record of last season's holiday books, which we made at the time, we spoke with especial admiration of Taine's "Tour through the Pyrenees," illustrated by Doré. A popular edition of this work has just been issued, including all the letter-press, but omitting the illustrations; and this gives us an opportunity of saying that the "Tour" was not at all dependent upon the illustrations for its attractiveness, but is the most entertaining, if not the most instructive, of all Taine's works. It displays at their best some of the most characteristic features of his workmanship—his trained powers of observation, his unfailing vivacity, and the wonderful picturesqueness and flexi-

bility of his style; and, being the record of a summer's jaunt through the entire mountainous portion of Northern Spain twenty years ago, it not only describes some of the most impressive scenery in Europe, but gives us a pleasanter glimpse of the people and of the country than later years could afford. The changes of twenty years, however, are not the only ones which Taine emphasizes. As he visits the historic spots in which the region abounds, and comes in contact with the old, popular customs, he quotes many suggestive bits from the early chroniclers, illustrative of the time when Spain towered head and shoulders above the rest of Europe, and was not, as now, the self-voiced ghost of a great and progressive people. The partly humorous, partly annoying, and partly commonplace incidents of a traveler's life, are touched upon in a playful and spirited manner, but without that insistence upon trivial details which makes most records of the kind so tiresome; and, altogether, "A Tour through the Pyrenees" is a thoroughly enjoyable book, the grace of whose style even is hardly lost in Mr. Fiske's excellent translation.

Novelists nowadays compete with the newspapers in "working up" the newest sensation, and it was not to be expected that so striking a subject as that started by Mr. Plimsoll in his noble effort to better the condition of "poor Jack" should long escape their attention. The first presentation of it that we have had in the guise of fiction is "Ship Ahoy!" a Yarn in Thirty-six Cable Lengths," which formed the Christmas number of *Once a Week*, and which has just been republished in this country. It is a vivid, dramatic, and forcibly-written story; the adventures narrated are very exciting at times, and it shows considerable familiarity with the details of life aboard ships, and with the sailors' characteristic virtues and vices. Its chief *motif*, however, is to illustrate how the inevitable perils of those who go down to the sea in ships are habitually multiplied by the murderous avarice of a certain class of ship-owners, and the indiscriminating enforcement of an oppressive and unjust law; and the picture drawn can hardly fail to awaken the hot indignation of those who look upon it, while increasing the sympathy with which we contemplate the hard lot of poor Jack. A love-story of the conventional sort is skilfully woven into the narrative; and the illustrations, with which the book is filled, are really spirited and effective. Finally, Mr. Samuel Plimsoll himself contributes an appendix, in which he marshals statistics and court records to substantiate the terrible facts on which the story is based.

No recent educational experiment at the South has attracted more attention than the Normal College, for freedmen, at Hampton, Virginia. It is the only one which has achieved any marked success, and, as it is an industrial experiment as well as an educational, its progress has naturally been watched with much interest by observers North as well as South. The college may now be said to have attained a permanent footing; and any one who cares to learn more about it will find some pleasant and instructive reading in "Hampton and its Students," by two of its teachers: Mrs. Armstrong, wife of the principal, and Miss Helen W. Ludlow. It gives a compact and brief history of the settlement of Hampton; a full record of the founding and growth of the college; biographical sketches of the most interesting of the students; and many graphic pictures of life

among the freedmen. Besides some dozen or so of illustrations accompanying the text, there is an appendix containing fifty cabin and plantation songs, with the words in dialect and set to the original music.

A propos of Victor Hugo's newly-published novel, the Paris correspondent of the *Times* mentions some interesting facts concerning the publishing of books in France. Hugo offered his novel to M. Levy for one hundred and twenty thousand francs in cash. "Under the conditions in our country," says the correspondent, "a publisher would gladly give this sum for a novel by Victor Hugo, and a great deal more, perhaps but I must explain why the rich publisher could not afford to undertake the work. There is a society here called the 'Society of Literary Men,' which takes charge of the interest of authors. It has a regular set of laws. By these a contract in writing, duly stamped and witnessed, must be passed between the author and the publisher, and the latter is bound to confine himself to a certain number of copies. When Victor Hugo sells his three volumes for one hundred and twenty thousand francs, he stipulates the number of copies, say, for instance, one hundred thousand, after which the contract ceases, and he has a right to sell the second hundred thousand to another man. The profits allowed the publisher can be calculated exactly, and Hugo takes care to make them very moderate. As the profits are limited, few publishers care to take the works of such authors as Balzac and Hugo, for they are so particular about the quality of the paper, and so exacting in details (as, for instance, the number of copies to be given to the press), that the profits are materially reduced. De Balzac ruined two publishers completely, and came near closing the shops of two more."

Mr. Robert Buchanan, in a recent essay, thus states what he deems the true function of criticism: "Criticism is not a science, because equally destitute of any absolute and universal objective tests of the soundness of its method, and any means of verifying its results. It is, however, a very graceful intellectual exercise, capable of being brought to great perfection and of giving refined pleasure, and indirectly some information to the reader. Its end is now seen to be, not truth, because in criticism verifiable truth is unattainable, but beauty. In surrendering its false claim to be a science, it takes its true place as a fine art."

A Berlin correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing of the death of Benedix, the well-known German dramatist, says: "Benedix had thought out some of the fundamental rules of the dramatic art, and had formed certain fixed theories of his own. Unwisely enough, he worked them up in the form of an attack on Shakespeare. To dislike the Bard of Avon is an unpardonable sin in Germany. One may call Schiller a plagiarist, or Goethe a libertine, but Shakespeare sits upon a throne which it is *impossible* to approach with any thing else than offers of homage."

Advices from Germany are that a new novel, by Auerbach, has just appeared. It has to do with the German War. Spielhagen is now writing, for the *National Zeitung*, a series of *feuilletons* about Neapolitan life. Gustav Freytag's "Die Ahnen" has reached its second part. It will be remembered that the plan of this work is to trace the history of an old German family from an early age through all the changes of civilization to the present time.

Evelyn Jerrold writes from Paris to the *Academy*: "Michelet died with his work completed. The fourth volume of his "Histoire du Dix-Neuvième Siècle" is published, and, I believe, there are but a few addenda wanting to complete the work—one of the most powerful analyses of the Bonapartes' influence in France that has yet been given to the world."

M. Ollivier, it is said, intends to found a bi-monthly review, of a high character, in Paris, whenever the state of siege shall be raised. This periodical is to be of the same scope and pretensions as the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and will be edited by M. Ollivier himself.

Art.

THE rooms of the Palette Club, which have recently been removed to Twenty-third Street, over Kurtz's photographic establishment, are very spacious and attractive, and have on exhibition a large collection of good paintings. The pictures are some of them known to the public through the Water-Color Exhibition and from exhibition at the picture-stores, but they are usually fresh, and many are good specimens of the artists' work. With a very few exceptions, these pictures are for sale. The prices are given in the catalogue, and such as may not be disposed of at private sale will be put up at auction, and so surely be sold. In a couple of hundred paintings, the pictures by Eastman Johnson of the "Corn Husking" (not for sale), the autumn view of the White Mountains, by Kensett, a head of a lady in cabinet size, by D. Huntington, and an old cavalier, by Geo. A. Baker, are among the best. There are a few other pictures by American painters of high standing, but these comprise the principal names. None of these pictures are in the market. Among the paintings that can be bought are some very pleasing works of Charles H. Miller, Bellows, John Hammer, Geo. H. Boughton, and various foreign works, owned by Knoedler & Avery. Charles H. Miller, of whose paintings we have often had occasion to speak with great commendation, has a large oil-painting in this exhibition. The subject is such as he usually chooses—low meadows, willows, and misty atmosphere. We do not know if this is one of Mr. Miller's latest works, but, compared to the picture of an old sycamore, and the white farm-house called, if we recollect aright, "A Long-Island Homestead," it seems heavy and confused. The billowy clouds, so light and breezy in the former pictures, are in this one murky and dense, and the light that infiltrates through the trees and among the wet furze lacks the pure and positive quality of the other pictures. There are two little landscapes by John Hammer that are very charming. Mr. Hammer's name is new to us, and for that reason his works are the more welcome, since the appearance of new talent is always a source of satisfaction, and, especially as in this case, where the artist is evidently possessed of a fresh and poetical sentiment. One of these little works is of an open country—a brownish-gray stretch of fields, with a touch as crisp and unpretentious as Kensett's, and a conception of Nature which reminds us of that eminent artist. But, good as is the painting of the land, the warm, sunny sky, full of space and light, is even better. The other picture by the same artist, of a couple of Lombardy poplars, is sketchy, but has the same crisp touch and the same quiet but poetical feeling.

Among the other works is a brilliantly-handled drawing by Boldini. There is also a picture of a couple of English girls and a stiff old squire, who has turned his back on them, the scene being a path along the edge of a low meadow, where geese are waddling about. The picture is named "Indifference," and is one of G. H. Boughton's pleasantest conceptions. This is the only exhibition we have known of where the pictures are sure of a sale, either public or private. Unlike exhibitions in picture-stores, where paintings may hang for years on the walls; and just as different from the displays at auction-rooms, where, often without a fair sight of works, they are knocked down at a price which appears to the artist absolutely inadequate—the paint-

ings exhibited by the Palette Club really seem to have the best chance that is afforded anywhere in the city. They have a public to begin with; if they are sold at the artists' own price, at private sale, of course all is satisfactory. If this does not happen, the painter knows, at any rate, that his works have not blushed unseen, and at the end he is sure that, even though disposed of for much less than the price at which he estimates them, they will not return to discourage him, and burden the walls or the corners of his studio. As a help to artists, we most sincerely wish well to the Palette Club.

Nearly everybody is familiar with the rich color and aesthetic feeling that make the classic paintings of Alma Tadema so attractive. Women, like Greek statues, are costumed in tunics, and mild-eyed men, with heads like those of Neptune or Jupiter, repose on purple couches under serene skies. The most showy and elaborate picture by this artist which we have ever seen is a very splendid engraving from one of his works, at Goupil's, called the "Festival of the Vintage." In this engraving all the characteristics of Tadema appear. A hall of Greek architecture is divided by pillars ornate as the richest fancy could contrive. Pilasters of varied and polished marble are hung with grotesque masks which their wearers have thrown aside. Traversing the main compartment, and followed by a procession of musicians, is a Greek woman, of heroic stature and bearing, who draws near the image of a deity, whose form is partially concealed. This female figure, which leads the train of devotees, is as beautiful as is serenely sensuous as the heavy bunches of ripe grapes which she bears as an offering to Bacchus. Unlike the Pompeian paintings, this is more statuary than pictorial; and, were it not for the suggestions of color it contains, as well as the associations revealed by the name of the artist, one could wish to see this suggestive and imaginative scene sculptured on a vase, or carved as a bass-relief. Alma Tadema dates his pictures from Rome, and, more than any artist we know here in America, he seems to have caught and embodied the classic idea. His works have much of the feeling that Hawthorne has fixed in "The Marble Faun," and much more of a genuine conception of the antique than any pseudo-classic pictures of the present school of French artists.

John Pye, the veteran engraver, who recently died, at the age of ninety-two, was famous for his reproductions of Turner's engravings. The London *Spectator* declares that he was "the most complete engraver of landscape that ever lived," and adds that this is not enough to say, for it would fall short of a true definition of the man, or of his rank and position in the art-world. He was not merely a practitioner of consummate skill; he was the apostle, and latterly one of the few remaining representatives, of a great principle in art—that is, chiaroscuro, the principles of which "John Pye spent his long life in illustrating and expounding, but which are little more than a *terre incognita* to most art-students of our day. Black and white were to Pye but the raw material with which he had to deal. His black was printer's-ink, and his white was paper, while his chiaroscuro comprised the whole resources of a subtle language, in which he employed these simple elements to express and to describe the wondrously illuminating quality of light. 'White is not light!' he would exclaim; 'but light is made by gradation.' He maintained that there is a complete scale of light, with as many delicate modulations in it, between the two extremes of white and black, as there are in a scale of music. To the thoroughly-educated eye a picture seems incomplete when certain notes of the scale are omitted; and Turner's eye was so perfect

in this respect that, when he saw a proof of an engraving in progress, lying on the other side of the table, the wrong way upward, he would say at a glance: 'Don't you see that such a tone is wanted to complete the effect?' Mr. Fye used to say that a perfect picture should be so complete in harmony of accord that, if one were to put light the size of a pin's head anywhere on the work, it would upset all the effect." One great aim in landscape-art, in his opinion, should be to enable the spectator to see into space; and this, he maintained, could only be done by a perfect knowledge of light. To gain this knowledge he would lie for hours on Hampstead Heath, studying the spaces and the gradations required of them.

Dr. von Kreling, Director of the Royal School at Nuremberg, has published a series of illustrations—photographs after original pictures—of scenes in Goethe's "Faust." In the opinion of the London *Academy*, they will hold their ground by the works of Retzsch, Kaulbach, and Ary Scheffer. The *Academy* thinks the artist greatest in his single figures. "There he shows himself not only consummate in art, but as a poet not unworthy of the poet whose work he interprets. The commanding figure of Faust in his study is a great triumph, but the best of all his creations is both Gretchen. Here Dr. von Kreling has excelled both Kaulbach and Ary Scheffer. He has given us a German face in its full reality, but endowed with a depth of meaning which exercises a more powerful fascination than the most perfect ideal beauty. For unconscious innocence, Gretchen in church cannot be matched; for conscious innocence, Gretchen in the garden, looking at Faust, is equally perfect."

A privately circulated book, by Mr. G. A. Andsley, entitled "Notes on Japanese Art," speaks highly, according to the London *Academy*, of the skill of Japanese artists in most respects, and remarks that "it seems strange that so much could be told by half a dozen up-and-down brush-strokes as is plainly told in the simplest Japanese sketch." He gives separate dissertations on the various branches of Japanese art, including enamels, porcelain, lacquer-work, etc., all of which are extremely interesting.

According to the French critics, the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, lately erected at Paris on the Place des Pyramides, does as little honor to the memory of the heroine as does the satire of Voltaire. The attitude, say these authorities, suggests the idea of a *gamis* on horseback. The statue has no heroic qualities; and the face is equally devoid of character, beauty, and expression.

Art-pursuits would seem to have a good effect on longevity. Pye, the engraver, who has just died at the age of ninety-two, and Schetky, the marine painter, at the age of ninety-six, are good instances in point; but a better one is that of Count Waldeck, a painter residing in Paris, who has attained the age of one hundred and eight years.

MUSIC.

Opera-Bouffe.

IT has been the current fashion among those who prided themselves on being *cynosœuti* in musical matters, and devoted to high art, to look at *opéra-bouffe* as a form to be repudiated, or at the best to be criticised from a stand-point of condescending dignity. These pretentious purists, indeed, sometimes permit themselves to be amused by going to see and hear such as Aimée and her companion *fâcheux*, but they think it almost necessary to excuse themselves afterward with a self-pitying shrug. There is a vast deal of cant in the condemnation that a large class aim at this style of opera, when the matter is examined from the artistic side. True indeed that there can be no excuse for the vulgar extreme to which the drollery is sometimes carried, and the very suggestive and coarse character of many of the *double-entendres*, both in the dialogue and the action. But this feature is no

more essential to *opéra-bouffe* than prurience is to dramatic burlesque, and both are entitled to be stamped as legitimate forms of genuine art, though their possibilities may be often abused. As long as exaggeration remains one of the cardinal phases of humor, by which its greatest masters have wrought their most potent results, both for amusement and instruction, so long will its use in literature, drama, and opera, be a recognized and useful art-fact. Exclude this canon from acceptance, and the myriads who have had their intellects delighted and their hearts moved by the masterpieces of Rabelais, Swift, and Dickens, would find but a trifling art-basis for the power of the effects created.

Without attempting to defend much that exists in French *opéra-bouffe*, we do not hesitate to affirm that there are in it elements of value, no less marked than any in the current Italian opera. The latter is overburdened with incongruities and follies, whose radical inconsistency has become veiled from us by long habit. The deformities have been so overgrown with the moss and ivy of years that they have even become, to a certain extent, picturesque, but they are none the less deformities. Even the charm of the great geniuses who have dignified the art of music by their glorious compositions, cannot always make us forget the essential imbecility of the framework.

The profound want of fitness between the music and the action, which dislocates the harmony of so much of the serious opera, does not exist in the despised *opéra-bouffe*. The dramatic movement makes no pretense to be other than farcical, grotesque, and exaggerated, though here and there are sly touches of pathos, which give even a broader and deeper coloring to their opposite by virtue of contrast. We constantly look for the purely ludicrous, and do not ask for any thing like a truthful mirror of Nature and society. We have before us, indeed, a travesty, but it makes its frank acknowledgment as such, and does not appeal to our sympathies under any false pretenses. It asks us not to accept *General Bour*, the *Grande-duchesse*, the two *gendarmes*, etc., as genuine pictures, but simply as rich burlesques to laugh at and enjoy.

The music of Offenbach and other composers of the same school is admirably fitted to the character of the drama itself. For the most part it is just such music as best expresses the humor and absurdity of the action. And, where there is a lapse for the moment into the more serious mood, or something like genuine sentiment, the quality of the music is colored and vitalized by the change of purpose. The "Letter-Song," from "La Perichole," is worthy, by its passion, warmth, and earnestness, of a place in the most pretentious opera; and the serenade in "Geneviève de Brabant" carries under its sparkle and brilliancy much of the charm and beauty of profound sentiment. It is this absolute unity of purpose and quality between the action and music of the *opéra-bouffe* which furnishes the strong argument for its genuine artistic character.

Offenbach is the most prominent representative of this style of music, and has achieved a rank in art whence no detraction can ever hurl him down. That the music by this composer is full of reminiscences from the standard opera, both Italian and German, cannot be disputed. But there is yet a quaint and subtle individuality of flavor about the style in which they are served up, which releases Offenbach from the charge of plagiarism. What if there be many measures and phrases that irresistibly

bly suggest Rossini, Auber, Verdi, Mozart, and Weber!—they have become so thoroughly impregnated with the new atmosphere and surroundings, and aptly dovetailed into mosaic, that we have hardly the right to charge the composer with the crimes of butchery and theft. He at all events uses the toll which he exacts from musical literature with a fitness and propriety entirely wanting frequently in the original.

One striking feature of the *coupe*'s music of the French composers is the exquisite adaptation of the popular ballad-music of the people. Many of the *chansons* of the peasant-classes, particularly of Provence, Auvergne, and Normandy, are full of exquisite melody. Offenbach and Lecocq have transplanted many of these into the new setting of opera with very striking effect. One of the most charming characteristic things in Weber's music is close assimilation to the popular ballad-music of the people, and Rossini got the inspiration of his most sparkling and splendid melody from the *lassarons* of Naples and the Venetian gondoliers, who still hum the immortal poetry of Tasso to immemorial tunes.

Although the *coupe*'s composers are debarred from serious notice by the so-called art-purists, they are entitled to a distinct and honorable place in musical literature. They belong to the school of Gluck, as a reformer in opera, as clearly as do Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Gounod, however far their music may fall below the work of the latter in elevation and strength. Their operas are marked examples of what Gluck insisted to be the true nature of dramatic music—a fitting and natural expression of the action in the vocal revelations of the tone-language. For this, if for no other reason, *opéra-coupe* is worthy of genuine respect as an art-production.

Our very brief and hasty review of the true nature and standard of this musical school has been suggested by the recent performance of the Aimée troupe at the Lyceum Theatre. Lecocq's work, "La Fille de Mme. Angot," which has met with such remarkable success throughout the world, was the *pôle de résistance*. It is not needful at this late day to enter into any analysis of the work, as it was given during the first Aimée engagement last autumn, except to say that it has all of the charms of its school, without the glaring and offensive vulgarities of such works as "La Grande-Duchesse" and "Geneviève." The bright, sparkling music, and the broadunction of the dramatic humor, met with admirable representation, particularly in Mlle. Aimée and the tenor, Juteau.

Of all the prima-donnas in *coupe*'s opera, who have been in America, there are none, on the whole, to be placed on a level with this sprightly artist. Her vocal resources and skill in singing, though not remarkable, are superior to those of any of her predecessors; and while she is equally chic and provocative in her histrionic style, she refrains from the full revelation of the artistic nastiness in which Teete and Irma reveled so lavishly. The company which Mr. Chizzola has gathered about the principals is on the whole an excellent one, and the pecuniary success of the extended tour through Cuba, Mexico, and some of our own cities, has been amply merited.

The Baltimore Philharmonic Society gave their third regular concert at the Peabody Institute, on the evening of March 7th, before a magnificent audience. The *Journal*, on a previous occasion, referred to the admirable organization of the musical department of the Institute, which Baltimore owes to one of the greatest philanthropists of the age, and also to the highly-artistic character of the concerts

given under the capable management of the orchestral leader. The two most striking features of the programme, aside from Mr. J. N. Pattison's interpretation of the great Henselt concerto in F-minor, opera 16, were Berlioz's symphonic poem, "King Lear," and Max Bruch's *cantata* of "Fair Ellen," given by the assistance of the Liederkranz Society. Max Bruch, though deeply honored in Germany, has only recently become much known in New York. The remarkable *cantata* of "The Wanderings of Ulysses," performed not long ago by our own Liederkranz, evoked something like a genuine enthusiasm from those lovers of music that heard it. "Fair Ellen" is a much earlier work, but is hardly less beautiful and effective in conception and composition—the words having been evolved from a Scotch legend. The *cantata* was superbly rendered by the Baltimore society. The programme was a varied and interesting one. While on the subject, a suggestion might meetly be made to our New-York Philharmonic management, to introduce occasionally in their concerts numbers introducing the choral element. This would add vastly to their interest, and, where there are so many noble classical works for orchestra and chorus, the omission is hardly excusable.

The *Full Mail Gazette*, referring to the performance of Wagner's "Lohengrin" by the Strakosch troupe in this city, says that Wagner may congratulate himself on its being "done" with the strongest cast ever yet given it, and expresses the hope that, as the two principal artists are soon to sing in London, the opera may be produced in England. The same journal, in further commenting on the relations of Wagner criticism to Wagner music, claims that those who talk most about the music have heard the least of it. To use its own language: "Such discussions can of course be carried on indefinitely, but they get tedious in the end; and the time has now arrived when, before any further arguments, *pro or con*, should be adduced, one of the operas should be brought into court. If Wagner does not enter an appearance this spring he ought to be condemned in *confusacion*."

The production of Cimarosa's "Asturie Féminine" in Paris has led to the discovery that the incidents of the entire first act were appropriated, without acknowledgment, by Signor L. Ricci, in his opera "Une Folie à Roma," brought out at the Athénée. This act was, perhaps, in retaliation for that of Bafle, who took the libretto of the "Siege de Rochelle" from Louis Ricci's "Chiara de Rosenberg." The Italian poet derived the story from the romance of Mme. de Genlis, "Le Siège de la Rochelle." Frederick and Louis Ricci were highly-favored composers in Italy thirty years since, and are known in this country by their "Crispino e la Comare."

Science and Invention.

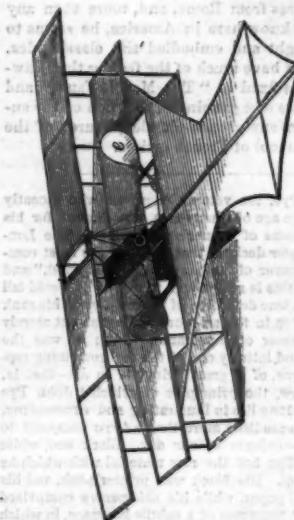
THE Duke of Argyll, in his masterly treatise on "The Reign of Law," chooses the machinery of flight as illustrating the necessity of contrivance arising out of the reign of law. In this discussion, the author prefaces his extended description of the machinery and methods of flight, as follows: "It cannot be too often repeated—because misconception, on this point, has been the cardinal error in human attempts to navigate the air—that, in all the beautiful evolutions of birds upon the wing, it is weight and not buoyancy which makes these evolutions possible." J. Bell Pettigrew contributes to the "International Scientific Series" an exhaustive work on "Animal Locomotion, or Walking, Swimming, and Flying," in which he states that, "however paradoxical it may seem, a certain amount of weight is indispensable in flight." Accepting these statements as just, it is at once evident

that, although balloons may answer well enough as mere supports, there is no probability that they can ever be made of service as aids to aerial navigation. If ever men learn to fly, it must be by adopting appliances similar in general form to those with which the bird is naturally endowed. We must have a



Mr. Henson's Flying-Machine.

strong framework, an extended resisting surface, and some propelling medium, by which force may be generated and applied. Though there yet remain many obstacles to be overcome before a practical flying-machine is constructed, yet our readers may rest assured that the problem has not yet been "given up," but



Mr. Stringfellow's Flying-Machine.

is, rather, attracting greater attention every day. Without entering into a general discussion of this problem, we have chosen to present the accompanying illustrations of flying, constructed on the proper principle, though defective in many and important details. Mr. Henson's flying-machine was designed in 1843, and

its chief feature consists in the great expanse of its sustaining planes. These planes are in the general form of wings, composed of canvas or oiled silk, stretched over light wood or bamboo frames. In addition, there are two vertical fan-wheels, furnished with oblique vanes, that receive their motion from an engine contained within the car to which the wings are attached. At the rear is a triangular-shaped fan, which can be expanded or contracted at pleasure, and serves as the rudder. In order to start this machine, it is run down an inclined plane, with the front edges of the side-fans slightly elevated. Once under way, it is the part of the engine and fans simply to repair the loss of velocity. In the Stringfellow machine, the resisting surface is greatly extended by the use of superimposed planes, as shown in the illustration, the progressive movements being secured by means of the propeller-fans, *e* and *f*, rotated by an engine beneath. The flying-machine of M. de la Landelle, represents an important advance in the department of aerial navigation. In this ma-

"Hysteria," said the speaker, "is one of the most singular afflictions we are subject to. I say we, because even men are so attacked sometimes. A remarkable and successful treatment of this, which I witnessed in Paris, is so peculiar and strange that, if it were not before such a trustful audience, bold and daring as I am when I am sure of the truth, I should not dare to mention the fact. The daughter of a friend of mine was attacked with a fit of hysteria every morning. I succeeded for a time in breaking up the fit by the use of violent means for half an hour before the paroxysm was due. But, after a time, the means I used completely failed. My friend then went to see a gymnast in Paris, named Triat, who was far more daring than I am, and was in the habit of treating hysteria in a very bold and unique way. He used to take his patients, as he did this lady, up a ladder, after having bandaged their eyes so that they could see nothing. After they had ascended to the height of about twenty feet, he made them walk very carefully on a plank that was about seven or eight inches in width. He, of course, was a gymnast, and accustomed to walk there, so that he could easily lead the person forward. When the young lady had reached the middle of the plank, which was pretty long—for it was a large gymnasium—he said to his patient, 'Now you are perfectly safe, and there is no possibility of your fit coming on again.' He had previously assured her that this means was infallible; had referred to hundreds of previous cases, and exaggerated his success in order to act on the mind of the patient. 'Now,' said he, 'after I have left you, you will not try to lift up the piece of cotton-wool that is fixed on your eyes until one minute has elapsed.' He started away and left the patient there in great danger, as you may imagine, of falling. After a minute had passed, the patient removed the bandage and opened her eyes. Fortunately for Mr. Triat, no accident has ever occurred there. How many patients he has cured that way, I don't know; but I know the daughter of my friend was certainly cured. The next day there was no need of taking her up there. She had had enough of it."

The following incident in the life of Agassiz is given on the authority of the *English Mechanic*, and relates to one of his visits to London: "They were dissecting a crocodile at the College of Surgeons, and an interesting part was given to him, which he tied in a silk handkerchief, and then declared himself ready to accompany an eminent naturalist who was waiting. The gentleman looked dubiously at

the package, and suggested that his servant should carry it, or that they should take a coach, both of which offers were declined with great simplicity. After they had walked a little in the street, Agassiz suddenly stopped and said, 'You are ashamed to walk with me because I have a bundle.' The Englishman's native honesty rallied at once, and he replied: 'I was ashamed to walk with you, and now I am ashamed of myself; let me carry the handkerchief for you.'"

Professor Andrews recently read a paper before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in which he expressed the opinion that there is little connection between the amount of ozone in the atmosphere and the state of the public health. An opinion so opposed to the pervading belief can but call forth animated discussion. While this professor is attacking ozone, other investigators are advancing the theory that carbolic acid has received more credit as a disinfectant and germ-destroyer than is its due. However unwelcome these new tidings may be, the men who introduce them are doing good service. If ozone and carbolic acid are not what is claimed for them, then no time should be lost in discovering some more reliable substitute.

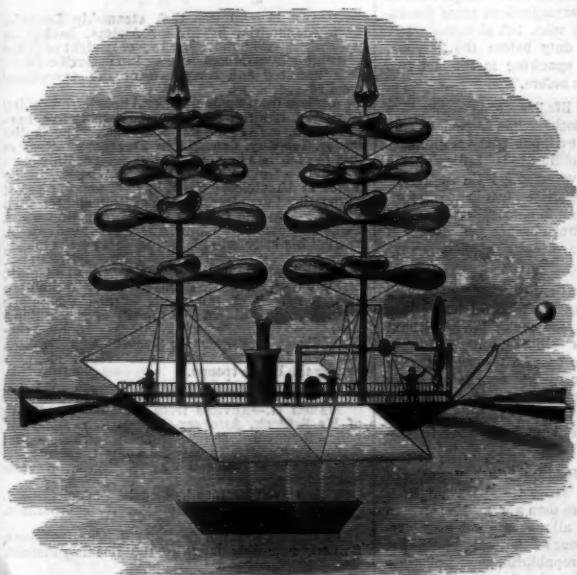
Owing to the fact that Cornish miners, who are compelled to ascend vertical ladders, often a thousand feet high, are subject to a peculiar complaint in the lungs, unknown to miners who have other means of exit, the government inspector has given notice to the Cornish managers that they must comply with the Miners' Regulation Act, and remove their vertical ladders, and put them "on the lay," so that the ascent may be more gradual than at present.

The most notable discovery made by Mr. Gosse, in his journey across Australia, is that of a hill consisting of one solid rock, two miles long, one mile wide, and eleven hundred feet in height. From the centre of this huge natural monolith flows a stream of water. It lies in latitude 25° 21', longitude 131° 14', and, besides its geological interest, it may prove a valuable landmark to future explorers. The composition of the rock is a fine conglomerate.

Contemporary Sayings.

"THE poets and moralists who," expounds the *Saturday Review*, "have grown eloquent over the sufferings caused in the world by women, have generally been thinking rather of the tragic than of the comic side of life. The Helens who have wasted ships, men, and cities, by their fatal loveliness; the Clytemnestras and Guineveres who have recklessly opened the floodgates of crime rather than stifle one guilty passion; the Cleopatras who have enslaved their fatherland for the pleasure of making men love them, occupy a much larger place in the world of imagination than the Catherine and other shrews who, from circumstances over which they had no control, have been forced to content themselves with the humbler part of making ordinary men miserable in a commonplace sort of way. . . . There really is nothing, or next to nothing, which we can set off against the petty miseries caused by the commonplace jiltas, and shrews, and tale-bearers of every-day life."

The *Vermont Phœnix*, of Brattleboro, has a "Contemporary Saying," which evinces so much good judgment, sagacity, and fine taste, that we cannot refrain, on account of merely personal reasons, from giving it as wide a circulation as possible. "In the whole range of our American periodical literature," it tells us, "there is no publication which appears to us to be so complete, and in every way so really valuable, as is APPLEYTON'S JOURNAL.



Flying-Machine designed by M. de la Landelle.

chine, or, rather, air-ship, the ascending power is applied through superimposed screws, similar to those in the toy-pigeon, the rapid revolution of these screw-fans causing the whole machine to rise. Although more independent in its action than either of the others, the loss of power is so great as to render the plan, as here illustrated, an impracticable one, and the great problem, though advanced, yet remains unsolved.

The lectures on "Our Nerves," delivered in Boston by Dr. Brown-Séquard, and published in full in the *Tribune*, are deserving of most careful perusal, since they treat of a subject with which all should be familiar, and in a method peculiarly attractive. Without attempting to review the work of this distinguished physiologist—since to condense, would only be to omit—yet we are constrained to present the following extract from the third lecture, and command its contents to over-nervous females and their ofttimes bewildered lords:

The great merit of the JOURNAL lies in the unequalled variety of its contents, and in the exceptionally choice character of every article, and every paragraph and item, which appears in its pages. Whether we consider its serial stories by the best writers, its illustrated sketches of eminent persons and places, its short stories, its more thoughtful essays and papers, its editorial department, its literary, art, music, and scientific notes, or its pages of brilliant miscellany—all are excellent and first class, all are in the highest degree readable and entertaining."

The Boston Traveler thinks the action of Congress, in regard to the proposed Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, was "dictated by local jealousies. Because Philadelphia is, of necessity, the place at which the Centennial must be held, there was a regular howl against any thing being done, from other places, and from politicians who do not like that magnificent city. Could the celebration be made in one of the everglades of Florida, or on one of the Sea Islands, or in the Mammoth Cave, or on some great prairie, or on Block Island, or anywhere else outside of a great city, Congress would have voted the funds for a World's Fair fast enough; but every city was certain to be black-balled. New York or Boston, Baltimore or Charleston, Savannah or Portland, Brooklyn or Providence, Worcester or Albany, would have fared no better than has Philadelphia."

The Rev. Dr. Porteous, in a lecture on amusements, said: "Let men in earnest, men of culture, take hold of the theatre, and, if they fall to make it what it should be, let it be cast aside. The experiment has not been tried, and it must be tried before judgment can be passed. Let us try a small theatre in our own houses. It will keep the boys at home. It will subdue the enthusiasm of the girls for the operas and drees. It will unite father and mother in the home centre. In many parts of America we are crystallizing home into home, making father a father, and mother a mother, in truth. I suggest to you to try the experiment. If you would have your home made sweater, it will not be by the length of your prayers, but by the adaptation of your household means to the education and amusement of your household people."

The Church Journal tells us that Canon Kingsley has a place all his own among the great English preachers. While Liddon, for instance, is powerfully conscientious in following out to its end every line of thought, and exhausting it, he suggests nothing. Kingsley, on the other hand, always suggests. "He starts forty lines of thought in every sermon, which he does not follow out. He flings himself into the mists, body and soul. He is full of faults, of course; but he is so big, so genial, so human, such a thorough Christian, Englishman, and man, that the reading of his sermons actually makes one feel one knows him, has shaken hands with him, has sat with him, and talked with him face to face."

"The ideal form of human society," Canon Kingsley declares, "is democracy. A nation—and were it even possible, a whole world—of free men, lifting free foreheads to God and Nature; calling no man master, for one is their master, even God; knowing and doing their duties toward the Maker of the Universe, and therefore to each other; not from fear, nor calculation of profit or loss, but because they have seen the beauty of righteousness, and trust, and peace; because the law of God is in their hearts. Such a nation—such a society—what nobler conception of mortal existence can we form? Would not that, indeed, be the kingdom of God come on earth?"

"One hardly knows whether to cry or laugh," says the London Spectator, "over the latest development of woman's rights in Ohio—to admire the movement there as a crusade against vice, or to detest it as an explosion of unjust and silly fanaticism. Certainly no such marvelous mixture of faith and foolishness, religion and contempt for justice, deep piety and reliance on lynch law, could exist for a week anywhere except in an American State, where reason is silent before a surge of emotion, and law is powerless whenever public feeling happens to run against it."

"Carlyle," according to Joaquin Miller, in a letter to the Independent, "was growling one day

over the shopkeeping tendencies of the time—the indifference to art, religion, and literature; and observed that he believed that, if even the Saviour himself was to appear in London, not a man would look up from his business for a moment to give Him welcome. The old philosopher stopped himself here, however, and, jerking up his head, said: 'Well, yes; perhaps Lord Houghton would give him a breakfast!'"

Gail Hamilton tells us that "simple-minded, sweet-souled, high-hearted girls, it is not in English idyls only that they are to be found, but in American homes, in cottages by the sea, in farmhouses under the hill, in velvet and silken drawing-rooms, in shadow and in splendor, they are springing all around us, fine and fair and strong, unseen perhaps of the girls they ought to shame, unseen perhaps of the men they ought to charm, yet quite as likely to be the chagrin, the despair, perhaps the savior of both—it is to these and to their kind we look, and look not in vain, for the noble and natural qualities which make the best women so like the best men, that all comparison ceases."

A correspondent of the Tribune says that an opposition to the woman's liquor crusade is organizing on the part of those who "fancy that they see in this movement the initial step to woman's suffrage, woman's rights, and all the consequences of woman's rule." The correspondent cites the instance of "a gentleman who, left at home while his wife has been on duty before the saloons, says he has done more spanking in the last two weeks than in all his life before."

"Half of the evil of life," says a speaker in a new novel, "The Sherlocks," "is caused not by the direct first-doers of evil, but by the well-meaning people, who go on adding to it—imitating the very criminals who have offended them, stimulating the instinct and impulses that led to the offense, but doing all under fine, moral names—and with a sort of furtive glance heavenward to see if heaven and all its angels do not admire them very much."

"A Frenchman," says the author of "The Great World in France" in the Pall Mall Gazette, "does not much care to reach the age of thirty without having made his proofs"—that is, without having fought somebody. If he be of a temper naturally amiable, he will best consult his own interests by getting three duels comfortably over before his twenty-fifth year; then he can practise amiability for the rest of his days without being open to misconstruction."

"Hawthorne," says Joaquin Miller, "speaks of Lord Houghton as the whitest man in England. But he is a vast deal more than a wit. He is a man brimful of sympathy for all men, and for young artists in particular. A peer of the realm, he is yet as good a democrat—or republican, as you please—as ever cast a ballot in America."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

MARCH 12.—Advices from Madrid: Carlist forces have entered Iran, and begun operations in Olot. Bilbao has been repossessed.

Snow at Constantinople, causing much suffering among the poor. Heavy snows in Scotland, causing stoppage of all trains on the Caledonian Railway.

Death, at Rome, on the 24th ult., of Cardinal Barnabé, Prefect-General of the Vatican Congregation of the Propaganda; aged seventy-three years.

MARCH 13.—Advices from Buenos Ayres to the 9th ult.: The presidential election in the Argentine Republic attended with much disturbance; riot in the capital, in which four persons were killed and twelve wounded; result of the election not known. Cholera and yellow fever have disappeared.

Proposition in the French Assembly for the disfranchisement of the French colonies.

Intelligence of deaths as follows: At Paris, Very Rev. Jean B. Etienne, Superior General of Lazarist Fathers and Sisters of Charity; at Norwich, Conn., Rear-Admiral Lagman, U. S. N., aged sixty-three years; at Hartford, Christian Sharpe, Inventor of the famous Sharpe rifle, aged sixty-three years.

MARCH 14.—The steamship Queen Elizabeth, from Calcutta for Glasgow, wrecked off Tarifa, Spain; fourteen persons drowned.

All the English forces of the Ashantee Expedition homeward bound, except the Highlanders.

Accident on the Central Pacific Railroad; a train thrown thirty feet down an embankment; several persons injured.

Deaths: At London, Countess Brunnow, wife of Count Philip de Brunnow, Russian ambassador at the court of St. James; Dowager-Duchess of Richmond, mother of his grace Charles Gordon Lennox, the present and sixth duke of that title; at Cannes, Mme. Cornelius de Witt, daughter of M. Guizot, well known as a writer of tales for children; at Lockport, N. Y., Hiram Gardner, ex-Canal-Commissioner of this State, and Judge of Niagara County.

MARCH 15.—Advices from Madrid: Marshal Servando, with an army of thirty-four thousand men, is now face to face with a Carlist force of thirty-five thousand. General Loma, with eight thousand men, is moving on the enemy's rear.

Advices that the Achinese are mustering all their forces for an attack on the Dutch positions.

Intelligence of a destructive fire at Panama, February 19th; a large hotel entirely destroyed, and many other buildings burned; losses estimated at eight hundred thousand dollars.

A London amnesty meeting held at Hyde Park, London.

Work on the Madre Railroad of Bolivia stopped, in consequence of the lakes and swamps met with.

Death, at Northampton, Mass., of Eliphalet Williams, the oldest and most prominent citizen of the place; aged ninety-four years.

Advices from Rio Janeiro state that the Bishop of Pernambuco has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for resistance to the laws of state.

MARCH 16.—Advices that steamship Laconia, from Alexandria, Egypt, for Algiers, having as passengers two hundred and seventy-eight pilgrims returning from Mecca, encountered terrific gales. One hundred and seventeen of the passengers washed overboard.

Advices from Spain: General Sebille, according to Carlist reports, has captured twenty-five hundred men, under General Novillas. The Carlist leader, Tristany, defeated in Tarragona. Rumors that the Carlists have raised the siege of Bilbao.

Advices from Mexico: Outrage perpetrated by a mob in Ahualulco, excited by a sermon of a priest advocating the extermination of Protestants. Mob proceeded to the house of Rev. John Stevens, a Congregationalist minister, mashed his head to jelly, and cut his body into pieces, ransacked the house, carrying away every thing of value. After delay, mob subdued by local authorities. Mob at Saguanie, acting under similar religious frenzy, attacked the small garrison of the town, burned the public archives, and pillaged the houses of the authorities.

Advices from Acheen: General Van Swieten has called for reinforcements. Much sickness among the former Dutch troops.

Funeral of Charles Sumner at Boston.

MARCH 17.—Advices from West Indies: Death of Mr. Schlock, Attorney-General of Jamaica, of yellow fever. Intelligence from Port-au-Prince that disturbances were threatened along the coast. A war-steamer dispatched by the Haytian Government to restore order.

Thirty-five buildings burned in Modoc City, Pa. A shock of earthquake near Bald Mountain, North Carolina.

Intelligence of the death of J. Pringle Jones, formerly presiding judge of the Reading district, Pa.

MARCH 18.—Carlist forces enter Olot with opposition.

Death at New York of Rev. Antoine Verren, D., well-known French minister, aged seventy-three. Death at Jacksonville of O. B. Hart, Governor of Florida. Death at Pittsburgh of Rev. David Elliott, D. D., professor at Presbyterian Theological Seminary.

Intelligence of death, at Berlin, of Johann Heinrich Maeder, German astronomer, aged eighty.

Advices that Prince Kalakaua has been elected King of the Sandwich Islands. Adherents of Queen Emma attacked the Assembly at Honolulu upon the intelligence becoming known. Riot ensued, which was suppressed by marines from the U. S. ship Tuscarora and other war-vessels in port.

Notices.

READING FOR HOSPITAL INVALIDS.—Mr. ALFRED PELL, of 18 East 30th Street, New York, offers his services in receiving and distributing among the inmates of BELLEVUE and other HOSPITALS, such old magazines, periodicals, newspapers, books, or other interesting reading-matter, that may be sent to his care for this purpose.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.—Send 10 cents for General Catalogue of Works on Architecture, Astronomy, Chemistry, Engineering, Mechanics, Geology, Mathematics, etc. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 13 Murray St., N. Y.